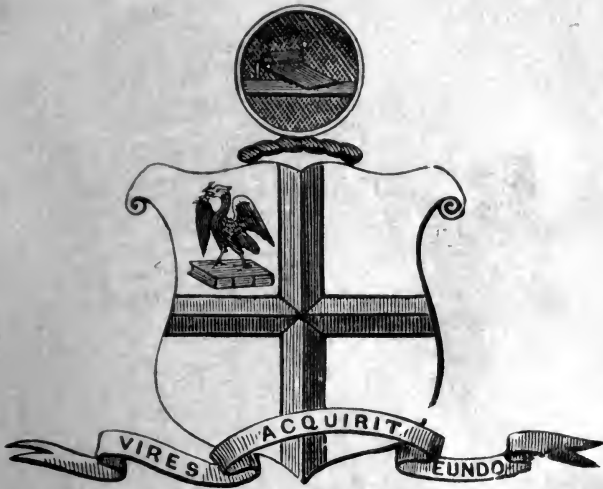


PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
OF
LIVERPOOL,
DURING THE
NINETY-SIXTH SESSION, 1906-1907.
No. LX.



LIVERPOOL:
D. MARPLES & CO., LORD STREET.
—
1907.

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1907.

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LIST OF PRESIDENTS.

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY IN 1812.

| | |
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| 1812 | REV. THEOPHILUS HOULBROOKE. |
| 1817 | WILLIAM ROSCOE. |
| 1831 | THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D. |
| 1833 | JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A. |
| 1839 | REV. JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D. |
| 1840 | REV. THOS. TATTERSHALL, D.D. |
| 1843 | JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A. |
| 1846-7, 47-8, 48-9 | REV. JAMES BOOTH, LL.D., F.R.S. |
| 1849-50, 50-1, 51-2 | JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A. |
| 1852-3, 53-4, 54-5 | JOSEPH DICKENSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. |
| 1855-6 | ROBERT MCANDREW, F.R.S., F.L.S. |
| 1856-7, 57-8, 58-9 | THOMAS INMAN, M.D. |
| 1859-60, 60-1, 61-2 | REV. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A. |
| 1862-3 | WILLIAM IHNE, PH.D. |
| 1863-4, 64-5, 65-6 | JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A. |
| 1866-7, 67-8, 68-9 | REV. C. D. GINSBURG, LL.D. |
| 1869-70, 70-1, 71-2 | J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D. |
| 1872-3, 73-4, 74-5 | ALBERT JULIUS MOTT, F.G.S. |
| 1875-6, 76-7 | [SIR] JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A. |
| 1877-8, 78-9 | JOHN J. DRYSDALE, M.D., M.R.C.S. |
| 1879-80, 80-1 | [SIR] EDWARD R. RUSSELL. |
| 1881-2, 82-3 | EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S., F.I.C. |
| 1883-4, 84-5 | RICHARD STEEL, J.P. |
| 1885-6, 86-7 | WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B., M.D., B.Sc. |
| 1887-8, 88-9 | JAMES BIRCHALL. |
| 1889-90 | REV. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A. |
| 1890-1, 91-2 | B. L. BENAS, J.P. |
| 1892-3, 93-4 | Principal RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D. |
| 1894-5, 95-6 | J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D. |
| 1896-7 | JOHN NEWTON, M.R.C.S. |
| 1897-8, 98-9 | RICHARD J. LLOYD, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E. |
| 1899-1900 | REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A. |
| 1900-1 | JOHN MURRAY MOORE, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S. |
| 1901-2, 02-3 | REV. E. A. WESLEY, M.A. |
| 1903-4, 04-5 | REV. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L. |
| 1905-6 | A. THEODORE BROWN. |
| 1906-7 | JAMES T. FOARD. |

COUNCIL.

SESSION XCVI, 1906-1907.

President :

JAMES T. FOARD.

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| WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B., | F.R.G.S. |
| M.D., B.Sc., Univ. Lond., | Rev. E. A. WESLEY, M.A. |
| F.R.C.P., Lond. | Rev. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L |
| B. L. BENAS, J.P. | A. THEODORE BROWN. |
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| Litt.D. | |

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| A. E. HAWKES, M.D. | ROBERT F. GREEN. |
| J. ERNEST NEVINS, M.B. | |

ORDINARY MEMBERS

ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 96TH SESSION.

Life Members are marked with an asterisk ().**Associates are marked with a dagger (†).*

- Oct. 1, 1894 Alcock, Chas., Royal Insurance Co., 1 *North John-street*
- †Nov. 14, 1904 Archer, Mrs., 15 *St. Domingo-grove*
- Nov. 13, 1876 Ball, Geo. Henry, 15 *Gambier-terrace, Hope-street*
- Dec. 10, 1866 Benas, Baron Louis, J.P., 5 *Princes-avenue*,
EX-PRESIDENT
- Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Princes-avenue*
- †Oct. 9, 1905 Blease, W. Lyon, 14 *Sefton-drive, Sefton-park*
- Oct. 7, 1895 Bramwell, Miss, Eye and Ear Infirmary, *Myrtle-street*
- †Oct. 8, 1906 Brookfield, Samuel, *Lisboa, Woodend-park, Grassendale*
- Oct. 31, 1892 Brown, A. Theodore, *The Nunnery, St. Michael's Hamlet*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 18, 1869 Brown, J. Campbell, D.Sc., F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry, University of Liverpool, 8 *Abercromby-square*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Candlin, W. J., 48 *Prussia-road, Hoylake*
- March 4, 1872 Carter, W., M.D., B.Sc., LL.B. (Lond.), F.R.C.P. (Lond.), 78 *Rodney-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 10, 1904 Cooke, Bancroft, J.P., 2 *Silverdale-road, Oxton*
- †Oct. 8, 1906 Crawford, Mrs., 40 *Rodney-street*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Daly, Chas., *Berry's-buildings, George-street*

- Dec. 10, 1883 Davey, Wm. J. (Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co.), *African-chambers, Water-street, and Holmleigh, Grassendale*
- Nov. 28, 1892 Douglas, Robert R., *Greenfields, Little Sutton*
- Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Great Charlotte-street*
- Nov. 14, 1887 Eastley, Richard, *Marine-view, Promenade, Egremont*
- Oct. 5, 1891 Fletcher, J. H., *17 Tarleton-street*
- *Mar. 19, 1855 Foard, James Thomas, *21 Lancaster-road, Birkdale, PRESIDENT (deceased, Jan., 1907).*
- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., *17 Tarleton-street*
- *Dec. 12, 1892 Gladstone, R., Jun., B.C.L., M.A., *Vale-road, Woolton*
- Oct. 29, 1877 Green, Robt. Frederick, *66 Whitechapel*
- Oct. 17, 1899 Griffiths, Miss Nelly, *20 Salisbury-road, Wavertree*
- Oct. 17, 1892 Harley, George, *1 Water-street*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Hawkes, A. E., M.D., *22 Abercromby-square*
- Nov. 26, 1906 Hicks, Rev. E., D.D., *The Vicarage, Fairfield*
- †Nov. 13, 1905 Hickson, Miss Mary, *Claughton Firs, Oxton*
- Jan. 7, 1895 Higgins, Miss Maud Longuet, *79 Bedford-street South*
- Nov. 12, 1894 Hoare, Rev. Edward N., M.A., *The Vicarage, Oak-hill-park, Old Swan, EX-PRESIDENT*
- Oct. 30, 1893 Holt, Alfred, *Crofton, Sudley-road, Aigburth*
- *Dec. 14, 1862 Holt, Robert Durning, J.P., *54 Ullet-road*
- March 10, 1879 Hughes, John W., *Allerton*
- Oct. 4, 1897 Jackson, J. Hampden, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., *Westdene, New Brighton, VICE-PRESIDENT*
- Jan. 26, 1863 Johnson, Richard C., F.R.A.S., *7 Sweeting-street*
- Feb. 24, 1868 Jones, Charles W., J.P., *Allerton Beeches, Allerton*
- April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., *Airlie House, Hoylake*

- Oct. 1, 1894 Jones, J. Stevenson, *The Chase, Barton-road, Hoylake*
- Jan. 21, 1901 Lee, Chas. George, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., 11 *Princes-avenue*
- Dec. 10, 1894 Lee, John, B.A., 73 *Temple-road, Birkenhead*
- *Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., *Reitz, Orange River Colony, S. Africa*
- Jan. 11, 1897 MacCunn, Prof. J., M.A., LL.D., 20 *Croxteth-road*
- Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, John Maxwell, 19 *Castle-street*
- Nov. 17, 1873 Mellor, James, *Weston, Blundellsands*
- Dec. 14, 1874 Mellor, John, *Rutland House, Nicholas-road, Blundellsands*
- March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, 14 *Grove-park*
- *Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, E. K., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*
- Nov. 26, 1900 Narramore, Edward G., L.D.S., Eng., 48 *Canning-street*, HON. SECRETARY
- Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B., Lond., 32 *Princes-avenue*
- Jan. 7, 1895 Nevins, Victor E. E., 32 *Princes-avenue*
- Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., *The Athenæum*, HON. LIBRARIAN
- Nov. 2, 1885 Oulton, William, J.P., *Hillside, Gateacre, and Albert-buildings, 22 Preesons-row*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Parry, Joseph, C.E., *Woodbury, Waterloo-park, Waterloo*
- Nov. 12, 1906 Pepper, W. S., 19 *Botanic-road*
- Nov. 4, 1861 Philip, Thomas D., *Weldon, Bidston*
- *Nov. 17, 1851 Redish, Joseph Carter, *Lyceum, Bold-street*
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 33 *Castle-road, Liscard*
- Jan. 22, 1872 Russell, Sir Edward, *Daily Post Office, Victoria-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 15, 1894 Rutherford, Arthur, B.A., 41 *Castle-street*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, William Watson (Messrs. Miller, Peel, Hughes, Rutherford & Co.), 41 *Castle-street*

- Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*
- March 19, 1866 Sephton, Rev. John, M.A., 90 *Huskisson-street*
- Oct. 15, 1883 Sephton, Mrs., 90 *Huskisson-street*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., *Seymour-road, Broad-green*
- Oct. 31, 1898 Sims, Rev. W. E., A.K.C.L., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Nov. 2, 1903 Sims, Mrs. W. E., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*
- April 4, 1870 Smith, James, 37 *North John-street*
- Feb. 23, 1863 Smith, J. Simm, 4 *Bramley-hill, Croydon*
- Nov. 18, 1878 Steel, Richard, J.P., 18 *Hackins-hey*, EX-PRESIDENT
- †Oct. 10, 1904 Symes, Chas., Ph.D., 53 *Canning-street*
- *Feb. 19, 1865 Taylor, John Stopford, M.D., Aberdeen, F.R.G.S., *Percy-street, Liverpool*
- Oct. 4, 1897 Thomas, His Honour Judge, 8 *Harrington-street*
- Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A., Lond. and Victoria, 19 *Castle-street*, HON. TREASURER
- Jan. 25, 1892 Turton, William, 13 *Mulgrave-street*
- Jan. 23, 1905 Trew, Percy, 38 *Russell-road, Sefton Park*
- Nov. 30, 1896 Wesley, Rev. Edmund Alfred, M.A., 93 *Chatham-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Nov. 4, 1901 Wesley, Mrs., 93 *Chatham-street*
- April 1, 1901 Wilberforce, Prof. L. R., 5 *Ashfield-road, Aigburth*
- Nov. 17, 1884 Wortley, Wm., *Walton Grange, Walton*

HONORARY MEMBERS.

LIMITED TO FIFTY.

- 1.—1865 Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., *Hextable, Dartford, Kent*
- 2.—1865 Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B., F.L.S., 69 *Great Russell-street, London, W.C.*
- 3.—1870 Lord Avebury, F.R.S., etc., 2 *St. James's-square, London*
- 4.—1870 Professor Sir Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S., etc., Owens College, *Manchester*
- 5.—1870 Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., F.R.S., etc., *The Camp, Sunnyside, Berks.*
- 6.—1870 The Rev. Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D., *Virginia Waters, Berks.*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 7.—1877 The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., Foreign Secretary of R.A.S., etc., 9 *Grosvenor-square, London.*
- 8.—1877 Albert C. L. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S., *Kew*
- 9.—1877 Dr. Leidy, Academy of Science, *Philadelphia*
- 10.—1877 Dr. Franz Steindachner, Royal and Imperial Museum, *Vienna*
- 11.—1881 The Rev. W. H. Dallinger, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.M.S., *Ingleside, Lee, London, S.E.*
- 12.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins, 75 *Gunterstone-road, West Kensington, London, W.*
- 13.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Charterhouse School, Godalming*, EX-PRESIDENT.
- 14.—1901 Rev. Walter William Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Cambridge, since 1878, 2 *Salisbury Villas, Cambridge*
- 15.—1903 E. Davies, F.C.S., F.I.C., 28 *Chapel-street*

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1905-6.

Dr.

The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LIVERPOOL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

NINTY-SIXTH SESSION, 1906-07.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on 8th October, 1906.

Mr. James T. Foard, President, occupied the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted :—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL, SESSION XCV.

During the past Session (1905-6) the attendance improved, the average at each of the ten meetings rising to 53, as against 34 in the previous Session. With this proof of vitality in the Society, it may well look for an accession of new members to fill the inevitable gaps in its roll. Lately they have been made heavy by death, or removal, or other cause.

From among our ordinary members two veterans have passed away in John Cameron, M.D., F.R.C.P., and Mr. Edward E. Edwards.

With a pathetic sense of loss must be mentioned the tragic death of Richard John Lloyd, M.A., D.Lit., a former member, whose quiet enthusiasm and charm of character,

even more than his solid and original learning, had adorned the President's chair in the years 1897-8, 1898-9.

Our list of honorary members is made the poorer by the loss of Canon H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., and Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B. On the other hand, it has been the good fortune of the Society to welcome to its table one of the oldest of its honorary members in the person of Lord Avebury. The dinner, on 8th February, 1906, at which he gave a remarkable address, was an event of interest beyond the Society's own circle. The other guests included Prof. A. R. Forsyth, Sc.D., F.R.S., and Mr. Samuel Smith, ex-M.P.

Of the papers delivered before the Society, seven were ordered to be printed. Perhaps it is not invidious to record particular thanks to Dean Stubbs (since preferred to the See of Truro) for making the journey from Ely in order to read his paper to the Society, of which he was an old member.

The Treasurer's accounts were submitted and adopted.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing session:—Vice-President, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S. Hon. Treasurer—Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A., re-elected. Hon. Librarian—Mr. A. W. Newton, M.A., re-elected. Hon. Secretary—Mr. Edward G. Narramore, L.D.S., Eng., re-elected.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of three retiring members:—Mr. John Mellor, Mr. Robert F. Green, and Dr. J. Ernest Nevins, M.B.

The retiring President, Mr. A. Theodore Brown, then vacated the chair in favour of the President elect, Mr. James T. Foard. The President then delivered his Address entitled "William Roscoe, as the Foster-father and Founder of Literature and the Arts in Liverpool."

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 22nd October, 1906. The President, Mr. James T. Foard, occupied the chair. Mr. Arthur Bennett, J.P., President of the Warrington Literary and Philosophical Society, read a paper entitled "The Athens of England," treating of the town of Warrington in the noteworthy days of the Academy.

III. 12th November, 1906. The President, Mr. James T. Foard, occupied the chair, Professor J. MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., read a paper entitled "Macaulay, the Reforming Whig."

IV. 26th November, 1906. The President, Mr. James T. Foard, occupied the chair, Mr. W. J. Stewart, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Persæ of Æschylus rendered into English verse." Mr. Stewart read some considerable portions from an original translation of the text.

V. 10th December, 1906. The Vice-President, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, occupied the chair. Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Man in the Iron Mask."

VI. 28th January, 1907. The Society assembled on this date under the very lamentable circumstance of the sudden decease of its honoured President, Mr. James T. Foard. By the special wish of Rev. W. E. Sims, who was to have read the paper of the evening, and with the unanimous approval of the Vice-president, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson and the assembled members, the business of the evening was not proceeded with. Many members of the Society spoke in terms of warmest admiration and respect of the noble character, and many gifts of the Society's old member and late President, and expressed their deep condolence and sympathy with his sorrowing widow.

VII. 11th February, 1907. The Vice-President, Mr.

J. Hampden Jackson, occupied the chair. Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., read a paper entitled "Thomas Carlyle: Historian, Philosopher, Man of Letters."

VIII. 25th February, 1907. The Vice-President, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, occupied the chair. Mr. Harold Rathbone read a paper entitled "Pre-Raphaelism; touching on the relations between Holman Hunt, D. G. Rosetti, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Wm. Morris, Sir John E. Millais and Ford Madox Brown." Mr. Rathbone illustrated his paper by many drawings, photographs, tiles and fabrics.

IX. 11th March, 1907. The Vice-President, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, occupied the chair. Dr. A. E. Hawkes read a paper entitled "Sir Christopher Hatton." The paper was illustrated by lantern pictures.

X. 18th March, 1907. The Vice-President, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, occupied the chair. Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Black Death of 1348."

XI. 26th March, 1907. The Vice-President, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, occupied the chair. In accordance with the Laws of the Society, the special business of the meeting being the election of the President for the next session, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., Vice-President, was unanimously elected. Richard Caton, M.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., read a paper entitled "Recent Excavations on the Holy Island of Delos," illustrated by lantern pictures.

MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Rev. E. Hicks, D.D., Mr. W. S. Pepper.

ASSOCIATES ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mrs. Crawford (re-elected), Mr. Samuel Brookfield.

The attendances during the session were as follows:—
Annual Meeting, 32; Ordinary Meetings, 26, 36, 33, 36, 43, 33, 42, 25, 42.

WILLIAM ROSCOE AS THE FOSTER-FATHER AND FOUNDER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS IN LIVERPOOL.

IN this building, under this roof, and occupying the chair once filled by the most distinguished citizen that Liverpool, to my views of allegiance, has produced, it would perhaps not be unbecoming to explain the purport of the title I have adopted.

In issuing the first works of literary importance that the town had up to his day produced, in the dedication of his life, and, I might also almost add, that of his family to beneficent literary pursuits, I look upon him and revere his memory as that of the founder (conditor) of such claims as this society can honourably tender on its own behalf to homage and respect, in a word, to our allegiance, and as thus entitled to our unchallengeable honour and regard.

It may be at once asked, Why do I suggest so preposterous a claim for so trivial a service? The true touchstone of all modern excellence being the one sovereign test, the money value, Why do I attach so much importance to what is at best a poverty stricken pursuit, its unprofitableness being in the precise ratio of its excellence, or claim for my hero, more than his proper guerdon of the laurel crown? Addison pointed out long ago that :

A liberal education is the only service which a polite nation makes unprofitable, and that mental culture is from the pecuniary, and therefore practical point of view, almost valueless, and is thus from its inadequacy of result to be avoided.

And I do not propose to contest his conclusion, but to rely on the words of Coleridge :

That literature is to me its own exceeding great reward : it has soothed my afflictions ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

In other words, that for these benefits conferred, these advantages bestowed, this regal *gouvernance* and aid — allegiance is due. And I freely proffer it, in the sense which Shakespere with strict legal accuracy acclaims it, as the highest duty which the ordinary citizen owes to his sovereign lord or king, the most inviolable, as well as the noblest obligation that it becomes him to perform. That this service comprehends fealty and homage, in other words, the admission of indebtedness, and the oath of fidelity, and this I at once unhesitatingly proffer to Roscoe, the Crusader, who first unfolded his flag on the shores of the Mersey, and who by that one act attempted to link up the career of his native town with the greatness of all the ages, with the revival of learning in Italy, and with its primitive association with its fountain head in Athens.

In the discourse delivered by Roscoe in November, 1817, at the opening of this very institution whose hospitality we now enjoy, he took as his theme : “The origin and vicissitudes of literature, science and art, and their influence on the present state of society,” and with inevitable variations and shortcomings, the influences and beneficence of literature as the parent art, is my theme to-night. When Roscoe addressed his audience, Adam Smith and Bentham were in the ascendant. Utility was then in fashion, as amusement is to-day. It was then, as the latter theme is now, the most absorbing of all gospels.

The lecturer therefore devoted himself to justify the indispensable utility of the fine arts, and to the vindication of the claims of literature, on the same grounds of beneficent usefulness: as well as of those arts with which his name and fame are so closely identified, and which he worked so hard all his life to introduce and foster in our English home. In so hopeless a task I do not propose to follow him. What would be the use of attempting to inform men who could make more money in an hour on the stock exchange, than by the literature of a life time, of the utility of literature. Candidly, from the worldly point of view, I think it has none. But in consonance with the fashion of the hour, of which the euthanasia is in its own slang "to have had a good time," and "to have done one self well," enjoyment being the only end and aim I jettison utility absolutely, and found some of my claims for literature as an amusement, and tender it as almost as high and noble as golf as a recreation.

Dismissing, however, for a moment this modern and altogether utopian aspect of placing literature in competition with golf as a recreation, and adopting Hume the historian's view:

That the pursuits of literature possess such a superiority over other occupations, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits a pre-eminence above all those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.

I wish to point out what is, and why I believe in, this pre-eminence: (1) As the only royal road to genuine immortality; (2) As the most beneficent instructor in manners and morals; (3) As the basis of all perfection in all the other arts, and eminently in those of architecture, sculpture, painting and design; (4) As the patron, father and friend of all human and divine learning; (5) As the source and resource of all elevating influences in the

domain of intellectual exercise; (6) As the one perpetual bond and pacificator among all the peoples; (7) As the sole perennial elevating solace and recreation. From and by books—the motor cars of progress—we have direct communication with the greatest minds of all the ages. We hold possession of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of all time, the golden fruit of their wisdom, that had long ripened on the bough before it was gathered. We are made free of the best society that the most ideal imagination can conceive. We listen as in a megaphone to the orations which Demosthenes hurled against Aeschines, or his denunciation of Philocrates. We are brought into personal companionship, as listeners, with the great heroes, of the 85th Olympiad, with Plato and Socrates, Alcibiades, Pheidias and Praxiteles, and without a syllable lost, with the semi-divine rhapsodies of Homer himself. Their immortality is what we would aspire to, though we cannot attain it. Who can fail to see that in this inter-communion of souls is our only chance of that exaltation of mind which fits us to enjoy for ever the sovereign boon of our own indestructibility?

But why should I tender you my unworthy words, when a greater voice has expressed himself on the point? It is one of the fashions of the day to attribute to Lord Bacon not merely what he wrote, but whatever was excellent that he did not write, or think of, in the age in which he lived. Perhaps I may be forgiven therefore for citing what he really did utter—slightly paraphrased—on one of the phases of literature, poetry, and its merits as a source of pleasure :

For seeing this sensible or material world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, poetry seems to endow human nature with that which history denies, and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things where the substance cannot be had,

In other words, not as you feed capons, but with the illusions of make-believe, and he continues :

Through poetry a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety delights the soul of man than any way can be found in nature since the fall . . . It may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind and exalt the spirit into high raptures by proportioning the shows of things to the desires of the mind.

Surely this exaltation of delight to some "participation of divineness," is the most perfect homage to poetry, at any rate as a pleasure. if not as an aid to immortality, that I could offer you.

Roscoe, as we know, like Ion, was content to be a humble servitor at the shrine and in the temple of Apollo, and was joyous and happy in writing poetry—which I am afraid it must be confessed was never in its nature immortal, and never sold remuneratively—almost to the end of his days. But his delight or amusement was not unrewarded.

Although he subsequently descended or condescended to write history, which fortunately for him paid its expenses, the greater part of his active public life was devoted to civic services, which certainly held out no promise of immediate utility, as resolved by the touchstone I have indicated, viz., immediate pecuniary return. He amused himself in the study of Italian literature, and in writing the *Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent*, who was the personal embodiment of the arts he admired, and therein, I submit, ministered to his own enjoyment. But he has himself explained and qualified his views of utility in the pages of *The Recluse*, for he thus expressed himself :

A mind that can relish the pleasures afforded by the works of nature, of fancy, and of art, may be said in a great degree to originate its own happiness, there being scarcely a situation in which

it can be placed which is not productive of enjoyments. My mind to me a kingdom is. The panorama of fancy, at noon or midnight, ever relieving the soul from listlessness or inactivity.

My first ground of allegiance, therefore, is not a suggestion of utility, but of pure enjoyment, for which I have my predecessor's warranty, and in an age consecrated to what is euphemistically called "recreation," although I cannot aspire to Mr. Balfour's ideal of its delights as absolutely divorced from instruction, or human intelligence, I cannot conceive a stronger claim. It is therefore on the debased ground of amusement, profitable amusement, perhaps, rather than of an exalted utility, that in commenting on Roscoe's life I further lay appeal to your attention.

The mental problem involved in the question of what induced Roscoe to turn his attention to Florentine history and the fortunes of the De Medici family, in his life of Leo X, to me has always been an interesting one. Was it personal sympathy merely, or the pure delight in literary and artistic pleasures, or that higher recognition of ideal gratification, in which it ministers to virtue and purity of conception? He himself in part explained it in the address I have adverted to, in a comparison of the relative effects of agriculture and commerce on the progress of the human mind, and his preference of mercantile development. His illustration of the advantages springing from the increment of wealth in the free states of Italy and to Venice and Holland, and from its results in the development of luxury, refinement, and taste, achieving "a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order," and "a participation of divineness," or, in other words, an ideal perfection, not practicable in our sordid, but alas, often inevitable surroundings, that led him insensibly to the choice of an Italian theme and the renaissance of learning and art

in the early struggles of the Italian free states from chaos and night to the sunlight of a transcendant and luminous dawn.

Let us for a moment consider the puzzle thus presented. Here was the son of a small publican and market gardener who, in his earliest years had, as an assistant and labourer for his father, actually carried potatoes on his head to market, addressing himself in his leisure moments to the contemplation of the revival of the arts and learning in Europe. Moreover, in the enjoyment of the splendours and magnificence achieved by their pursuit and cultivation, and their sensuous appreciation, as of possible and even practical benefit to the community in which he lived.

His early poem of "Mount Pleasant" apprizes us of his views; explains that, with a strong innate sense of freedom and independence, and a hatred of slavery in any form, he was impelled to admire the marvellous achievements of the free cities—Amalfi, Ferrara, Pisa, Genoa, Florence, Padua, and the rest in their inextinguishable thirst for the revival of literature and the worship of the arts, and that this spectacle was an incentive to his hopes that Liverpool, his native home, would emulate so inspiring an example, and would go and do likewise. He saw that maritime intercourse with other states, a vital, commercial prosperity and its consequent wealth, were an apt preliminary. The occult nexus between Mount Pleasant or Copperas Hill and the Pitti Palace or the Uffizzi Gallery, between the local Paradise Street and the Laurentian Library or Giotto's Campanile, as it occurs to us, is somewhat remote. But to the poet student the possible identity of fortune between a port which already had its ships, to cite his own words, "on every sea, from northern climes to India's distant bounds," or as versified and adopted by Heber,

From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand,

and the fortunes of Venice, after her suppression of Dandolo and her victories on the Adriatic, which gave her her first claim to supremacy, were but too obvious, and that Florence, with Pisa in its subjection, and all the achievements of the poet's lyre and the painter's pencil which followed, was but as an accommodation of the show of things to the desires of the mind and a "participation of divineness," possible as the future portion of his own natal place and beloved home.

Of further prompting or monition, if it were needed, the circumstance and stress of the age in which Roscoe first wrote and turned his attention to Italian themes, were immediately at hand. The declaration of the War of Independence, the victories and triumph of the French Republic, the aspirations for universal equality and brotherhood, tolerance, and freedom of thought, and of a free people released alike from feudal despotism and sacerdotal immunity, accorded wholly with the young poet's sympathies. The abolition of slavery, the extension of the franchise, the merciful administration of justice, and the ultimate resuscitation of all the arts and glories of ancient Greece, and they all followed to contribute to the perfection and consecration of his ideal dreams.

Paradoxical as it may seem, he has himself suggested in his preface to the *Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent*, first fashioned in 1789, that those elements of social disorder which incite and stimulate men to independence of thought, are also the incentive to that espousal of the graces of life which flow from the natural cultivation of the refinements of taste and leisure, and the love of luxury and ease. He himself dwelt glowingly on this seeming *non sequitur*. He has told us that the same unconquerable

resolution and generous instincts which provoke men to the preservation of their personal freedom and the championship of their independence, are but another and preliminary phase of that mental activity which seeks ease and refuge in peace, and in the splendour, magnificence, and embellishment of its cities and homes, as well as in the enlargement of the bounds and glories of civic life.

I know not how far this proposition commends itself, but we are certain that our early president, "the first man of mark," as his grandson has suggested that Liverpool produced, held these grandiosè views and also lived in a most critical period of our national, and even of universal history. We were at deadly grips with our colonies. In his middle life, the years between 1793 and 1800, he was the spectator of that vast world drama so powerfully to affect the destinies of all the ages, the French Revolution. He looked with awe, as all thinkers then living must have done, on that tremendous conflagration, that baleful orgie, as arising out of a witches' seething cauldron, from the reek of which was to issue that true form of individual human liberty, as Heine has faintly pictured it, and which shaped itself into the formula, which it had taken more than 2,000 years to fashion for the utterance, "that no man shall hold property in another, that the soil of Britain cannot sustain a slave, and that he who once breathes its vital air, must for ever live free."

For ourselves, we were then borne down by the thralldom of an irresponsible and selfish oligarchy. Our nearest neighbour presented the spectacle of complete emancipation. The vast proportion of our population was in a condition little better than serfdom or slavery. The Black Act was rampant. Men and women and children were mercilessly hanged for the most trivial infractions of the theoretic rights of property of their so called superiors.

The bulk of the people was wholly unrepresented and voiceless. The object lesson to which Roscoe turned was the growth, development, and advance of the self-governing and comparatively free states and republics of Italy, emancipated by their commercial privileges and civic development. These he knew, by the baptism of resolute and strenuous endeavour against apparently overwhelming artificial and natural difficulties, had founded nations and peoples and free dynasties, alike prosperous in resource, dignified in aspect, glorious in achievement, and vast arsenals of the treasures of art and mind, and of the embodiment of the poetic dreams and aspirations, "partaking of divineness" of countless ages.

He realised to the full how Venice, inch by inch, from foothold to foothold, had emerged to stand alone and in unique splendour above the devastating waters; that Holland had again and again been threatened to its destruction by the encroaching tides, by dominating Spain, and internal and fratricidal feuds, and that it had only risen to freedom, to place and power and position in all the arts, in commerce and on the sea, after one of the longest and direst struggles commemorated in history. Its very existence at all times menaced by the overwhelming force of its assailants, the devouring and ever encroaching ocean, and its ensanguined enemies. That Carthage was likewise rescued from the waters, and was a precarious heritage at best, and that our own liberties, such as they were, of which he often boasted, had been purchased during centuries of strife and stress by the lives and best blood of the bravest of our citizens, and with untold suffering and disaster.

With a mind imbued with these precedents, a sincere and native zeal for liberty, an energetic individuality, and a personal emulation of every form of human excellence,

scientific, artistic and literary, we may imperfectly gauge his predilections. Beyond these and his poetic fervour, his inextinguishable thirst or ambition for mental accomplishment, he was also endowed with singular lingual capacity and tireless industry. Roscoe—aided by a most sincere comrade, and he seems to have been blessed with many admiring and consistent friends, who were also impelled by poetic instincts—devoted himself, in addition to his Greek and Latin acquisitions, to the study of the Italian masterpieces, lyric and dramatic, before he had shaped his course as the biographer of the greatest patron of the poetry, literature and painters of that era, indeed, of all time.

His study of that age of divine resuscitation, with its political struggles, its public spirit, its ardour for the arts generally, its worship of the muses, co-ordinated alike his instincts and the motives of his life. He groped amid the dying embers of the deserted altar place and blew with bated breath a little flame. The epoch of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Ariosto blazed up to his ministration. The influences of literature he found alike incalculable and perennial. Like the all-pervading and encircling ether, which we recognise as electric force, its vibrations, once set in motion, extend indefinitely and imperishably to spheres beyond our observance or contemplation. He found that the revival in Italy was a mere reverberation or pulsation of those intellectual disturbances inaugurated in the 85th Olympiad, of which Athens was the source. Thus, aspiring only to become a poet, he became an historian. In this transition he was enamoured with those features of civic splendour, artistic development and refined culture, with which the great minds I have mentioned endowed their ages, and the states in which they lived. Through their pages he acquired an

insight into the rise of the independent cities—Ferrara, Pisa, Modena, Padua, Venice, Verona, and Florence—which had long before inspired the muse of our national poet. Thus it was that he became imbued with the parts played respectively by Lorenzo, and Leo X, and the family of the Medici, which was the prelude to his first essay in history, which seems to have been a vague aspiration at first and a settled plan before 1789. Personally, his poetic enthusiasm and ardour for artistic development was manifested as early as 1773, when he was only 20 years of age. He then assisted in forming a society—if he did not initiate it—for the encouragement of the arts of painting and design, and, as the confessed poet, furnished an ode on the occasion of its first meeting, which was but the precursor of other efforts for the public good. He made various appeals to the public conscience on the question of slavery, established a mutual improvement and debating society—the nucleus of the Philomathic and this society—and throughout his life furthered all projects for the advancement of art and learning.

In considering and estimating the over-mastering influence indicated by Roscoe in his choice of adequate subjects for his histories, I feel that our first duty is one of homage and fealty at the same shrine. Of allegiance to that trinity in unity—literature, science, and art—of which Lorenzo, his hero, was the high priest, and *La Bella Firenze* his proper domain, was the fount (neither qualified nor impaired by due reverence for philosophy as apostrophised by Milton, “not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo’s lute, and a perpetual feast of nectared sweets).” In a phrase at the temple of all instruction, the shrine of truth, the object of our endeavour, as Richard de Bury epitomises it expressed in books :

“Truth, that triumphs over all things, holds its repository in books. They are the depositories of all learning. Truth, which it is reckoned holy to honour above friendship, is in them enshrined. Who, therefore, will limit by anything of another kind, the price (or value) of the infinite treasure of books, from which the reader who is instructed bringeth forth things, ever in the way which is without turning, to the life without end. For books are the epitomised lives of the wisest of mankind,” or, as the monarch of the mighty line, Milton, his lyre in his hand, with his singing robes about him, has more emphatically expressed it:—“A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up, on purpose to a life beyond life.” For books are the celestial alimony of intelligence, the gifts of a divine liberality descending from the Father of Light to raise up the natural soul even to heaven.

It is conceivable that Roscoe, unconsciously and by instinct, in signalling Florence gave but a divided interest to literature. He was a lover and worshipper of all the arts. But in this he was insensibly the idolater of that governing influence which knits Italy with Athens, and linked the Florentine ruler with Pericles. As Keats, in his preface to his lyric drama, *Hellas*, said, “we are all Greeks, our laws, our literature, our art, had all their roots in Greece;” and when Burne-Jones declared he was born in Birmingham, but his soul was nurtured in Assissi, he was bending his knee at the shrine of Pallas, for Macaulay, with his usual emphatic courage has said — “All the triumphs of truth and of genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens.” And on another occasion, on the same theme, he inquired, “Who shall say how many thousands have been made happier, wiser, and better by those pursuits in

which Athens taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her, have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, and society in solitude." Finally concluding with this apostrophe. "Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and that ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noble form the immortal influence of Athens."

Undeniably, the resurrection of literature, due to Dante and Petrarch, was but the precursor of the artistic development fostered by Lorenzo de Medici in Florence; as the glorious recrudescence of the Italian cities in the 14th and 15th centuries was also merely the echo, in a fainter form, of the intellectual splendours of the age of Pheidias and Praxiteles. But it was a splendid *réveillon*. The sacred fires on the ruined altars and the slumbering ashes were re-kindled. The imperishable light was revived. The geographic situation of Amalfi, Pisa, Venice and Genoa rendered them the gates of commercial enterprise, affluence and civic endowment. Venice, perhaps, took the lead. Her ships were on every sea. Her citizens were the men who first ennobled trade by making it the ally of philosophy and eloquence and taste. Her bankers and financiers were the usurers of Europe. But according to Villani, after her capture of Pisa, Florence soon followed. Early in the 14th century he estimated her yearly revenue at not less than 300,000 florins, which, allowing for fluctuations in value, was not realised as income for nearly three centuries in England. Roscoe has told us that, in tracing the progress of literature, he soon convinced himself that all that was great and excellent in art and science, revolved, as round a central sun, taking its light thence, about Lorenzo de Medici, and that, with this impression,

he directed all his studies to the end of mastering the life which inspired it. And to-day we pause with wonder and awe at the accumulated stores of artistic and literary wealth of the famous city he founded. At the everlasting doors of the Baptistery, fit to be the gates of Paradise, and the Laurentian Library containing MSS. of Æschylus, Cicero's Epistles, the earliest MSS. of Tacitus, the oldest copies of the Pandects, and the first known codices of Pliny and Virgil, as well as the Letters of Dante and the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and I know not what else of magnificent endowment and value in the domain of learning.

Early acquaintance with the young historian's theme soon convinced him that this revival of literature, consequent on the labours of Dante and Boccaccio, and which had in his time enriched the world with all the choicest productions of the human mind since the creation of the world, was aided and influenced by the discriminating patronage of his hero, at once poet, patron, historian, and statesman.

The eloquent and vivid picture of this resuscitation drawn by Macaulay, I feel constrained to cite, in spite of the monitions of time, and that my address, like Shakspeare, may be all quotations—but not my own. After commenting on the picture of prosperity indicated by Villani of Florence, and that the rise and progress of elegant literature had followed *pari passu* this advent, he adverts to the deluge of barbarism which preceded it, and says “It swept away all the landmarks. It obliterated all the signs of former tillage, but it fertilised while it devastated. When it receded, the wilderness was as the garden of God, rejoicing on every side, laughing, clapping its hands, pouring forth in spontaneous abundance everything brilliant or fragrant or nourishing. A new language, characterised by simple sweetness and simple energy, had

attained perfection." He then points out that consequent on the labours and services of Dante Petrarch, and Boccaccio, "the admiration of learning and genius became almost an idolatry among the people of Italy," and that both knowledge and public prosperity attained their meridian in the age of his ideal ruler, for which he quotes Guiccardini and concludes with this somewhat ornate passage. "With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, the halls which rang with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration, the gardens in which Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May day dance of the Etrurian Virgins." Undeniably, Dante's immortal comedy after the darkness of a thousand years, that long dark night, appeared as Hesperus among the lesser lights, to herald the glowing radiance of the coming day, and challenged, if it did not equal, the noblest achievements of Ancient Greece.

I have already indicated that the generous and spontaneous instincts of the self-taught scholar and student, our townsman, in favour of universal freedom and individual independence, coupled with his poetic aspirations and love of the graces and amenities of life, were the moving impulses of his literary dedication and life-long idolatry. His poem of "Mount Pleasant," written when he was but eighteen, expresses his abhorrence of the slave trade. Again, in 1787, his verses on the wrongs of Africa were the expression of his early, and to his death unchanged, views on the same subject, as was his inquiry into the causes of the insurrection in Saint Domingo in 1772. His efforts to infuse a love and taste for books, and for the cultivation of the beautiful, were expressed in his

scheme for the cultivation of the arts of painting and design in 1773, and when only twenty years of age, and in 1802, his initiation of the project for the Botanical Gardens where he delivered an address, his aid in founding the Athenæum Library, and his anticipation in 1793 of our Society, by his evenings arranged with his friends for mutual improvement in artistic and literary subjects, which, although suspended from political causes for a time, eventuated in the foundation of this Society in 1812. Subsequently, his efforts in the cause of reform and the extension of the franchise, his advocacy of the movement for Catholic emancipation, and his support of Mr. Whitbread in Parliament for the establishment of parochial primary schools, anticipating the present educational system, were all proofs of his public spirit, his advanced and enlightened patriotism, and his sympathy for sound learning and cultured taste.

This, obviously, was the link of affinity with the career of the Italian merchant prince, and in the growth and cultivation of the fine arts in Italy. His admiration of that citizen's career was centred in him as the reformer, benefactor, patriot, patron and poet of his age. Lorenzo led the way in poetic composition as in artistic development, and it was as author and patron of learning that his Liverpool acolyte extended his admiration. That Lorenzo was the public founder and sustainer of the greatness of his native city cannot be doubted. It was his generous patronage and encouragement, extended to all the arts, which gave them a permanent local habitation and a home.

His establishment of libraries, museums, educational schools, and his employment of artificers and artists, proved him *facile princeps* among generous rulers. That he was able to achieve so much for the development,

resources, artistic embellishment and honour of his state, before his early and premature death, affirmed his earnestness and zeal. The consequent advance in the general civilisation of Italy, the progress of the arts of sculpture, painting and architecture, making her the storehouse of the world, in vindication of the intelligence, amenity and enlightenment of civilised Europe, were but proofs of his good fortune, as of his unchallengable claim to be their creator and founder.

It may perhaps be urged that the life-long services of Roscoe to the causes he had espoused, the worship he inculcated, the purposes he enunciated, attained but barren results. Not all the seed sown is prolific or productive. Some of it necessarily falls on stony ground. But he achieved much. He reared a most distinguished family, animated by his ideals, which in various ways, always to the public good, proved itself worthy of its parentage, his lofty aspirations, exalted motives and sedulous tuition. He was the happy father of children who, as legists, scholars, poets and historians, have identified themselves with the most imperishable annals of our nation, and who faithfully radiated his accomplished tasks, high moral example, tireless industry, and nobility of purpose.

Perhaps I may be asked at this point what were Roscoe's distinctive claims to be regarded as a distinguished literary man, and even what do I suggest is that form of literature which is properly entitled to demand our allegiance. Not all that is written is literature as we know to our cost to-day. Dr. Johnson, always an authority when he spoke advisedly, suggested that it was such results of our learning, imagination and knowledge, as survived the test of a hundred years' scrutiny and lived. I should suggest that it was, in reality, efficient

or genuine literature. But here the difficulty begins. What is palatable to our digestion is to another's poison. The fashion of to-day may be ridiculous, abhorrent, repulsive to our children. I might suggest more easily what it is not, than what it is. It is not the journalese of the hour; it is not the novels or the plays that are *chic* to this decade. It would not perhaps include the lofty lucubrations of Mr. A. K. Chesterton, Bernard Shaw, Emil Reich, Professor Brandes, Marie Corelli, Mr. Jerome, Barry Payne or Dan Leno. But I am not prepared to offer a definition. It might comprise many works wholly disregarded or forgotten to-day. Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth* is to us a dull book. It had not the charm or brilliance of later historians, say of Carlyle in his playful moods, with Diogenes' lanthorn in his grasp, or Macaulay at his best. The use of the flash-light, or corresponding illuminating methods, had not then been fully discovered, but it was solid, careful, earnest and authoritative, thus I have supplied the best test I could offer, and can do no more.

In the eminently interesting and instructive synopsis of the mental accomplishment and achievement of the Victorian age vouchsafed by our ex-president, we were awakened to a sense of its really beneficent and probably enduring character. Without including its poets, the noble works of its essayists and historians, Hallam, Froude, Macaulay, Green, Stubbs, Lecky, Buckle, Gardiner, Palgrave and Freeman, whose scholarship, accuracy and research, so amplified the reservoirs of true learning, have left an imperishable record of its noble service. These labourers, if neither faultless nor unimpeachable, certainly, purified the literary atmosphere, and exalted honest investigation into a fine art. But while the lecturer, Mr. Sims, deprecated the polished trivialities of the close of the 18th century, he was unable,

alas, to resist the regretful expression of his feeling, that it had been also an era of intellectual nobility that had all but passed away. He deplored the fact that the ranks of the Girondists had been thinned. My lament is, that these honoured names survive now only as memories and regrets. That the sources from which they might have been recruited are gone too. We look in vain for one representative of exalted literature. For one fabulist like Dickens or Thackeray; for one historian like Stubbs or Macaulay, Hallam or Green, and find nothing to inspire us with hope. The blandishments of golf, cricket and football, or what is deified as sport, including the torture and slaughtering of wholly defenceless animals comprehend our ambitions. In literature, the dollar or sovereign test of saleability has superseded the necessity of any excellence. The sweet uses of advertisement have engrossed the necessity of mental emulation, and the octopus of popularity and prompt payment holds all literary effort within its clutches, to our shame, ignominy and discomforture.

I know that after the reign of Elizabeth, and when Shakspeare was dead, the *cognoscenti* then discovered that he was a writer who could not write, that he was a barbarian who wrote before the art of writing was discovered; just as the art critics to-day, when you lament the death of Watts, Millais, Maclise or Leighton, or Sandys or Burne-Jones, tell you that they were painters who could not paint. That they were painters before the art of painting, as we now know it, was discovered. That they were of the pre-Whistlerian age. They had no sense of values, no atmosphere, no technique, were otiose and non-symphonic, and so I am told that the authors I have cited had no literature, and that I am *laudator temporis acti*, but I still mourn, and will attempt no recantation.

How, then, are we to differentiate the various aspects presented into true or false? How enforce the claims which demand our allegiance or pronounce what is sound? What schismatic? What heresy? What harmonious? Apollo and Artemis cannot be born again. We cannot revive the Delphic oracle. But clearly we can follow the designs indicated by William Roscoe, and safely pursue the path where he has led. It would be idle if not impossible to attempt to indicate or even ascertain what results his efforts, his example and imitation, have achieved; or what have been the indirect benefits conferred by the plans and institutions he inaugurated. We know that the influences of pre-Raphaelitism, as it has somewhat absurdly been termed, or, in other words, the pursuit of sincerity and truth in art were first recognised, welcomed, and honoured in Liverpool. That many of the beneficial institutions with which his name was associated are still with us to our renown and gain. The Royal Institution, the Botanic Gardens, the Athenæum, the Philomathic Society; and that the roll of presidents of this, our society, comprises some of the most honoured names connected with this by no means mean city. These are but suggestions of the possible benefits due in part to Roscoe's exemplary influence. We know, for instance, that the appreciating discrimination which led to the recognition of the genius of Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was first publicly expressed in Liverpool, and that the entire revolution in modern art, its methods and ideals induced by their example, was encouraged and fostered by local patronage. This in itself is no small boast. To have been the encouraging aid to the production of such noble works of art as "The Light of the World;" "The Merciful Knight," based on a Florentine legend; "Claudio and Isabella;" "The finding of the Saviour in the

Temple ;" or "Pygmalion and his Image," may be declared among the proudest achievements of this now world-famed seaport.

It may be objected with reason that I have not fulfilled my outline this evening by expatiating on the various beneficences of literature as the regal road to immortality, as an instructor in manners and morals, as a solace and recreation, as the bond of unity among varied peoples, not only of those who speak the tongue which Shakspeare spoke, but of those who think his thoughts, worship his ideals and participate in his homage, and, generally, who accept him as the touchstone of all excellence in the arts, and in human and divine learning. With such an auditory in this place, expatiation on such a topic would be alike impertinent and superfluous. We all know that through and by books we are placed, to use a modern illustration, in telephonic communication with all the ages, with the greatest minds of all the ages. That with the demand: "Are you there?" we receive in reply the best thoughts of the best thinkers of all time. That the golden fruit of their wisdom fully ripened on the bough, is literally poured into our laps, or if the metaphor is to be sustained, sounded with the trenchancy of a key bugle in our ears, and then, again, citing words much better than my own, let me repeat: "How safely we lay bare the poverty of our ignorance to books without feeling any shame." They are masters who instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without clothes or money. If you call to them they are not asleep. If you ask and inquire of them they do not withdraw themselves, they do not chide you if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant. They alone are liberal and free, they give to all who ask of them, and enfranchise all who serve them faithfully. Finally, perhaps, concluding with

the writer's own postscript: "Leisure without letters is death and the sepulchre of the living, for occupation with letters and books is the true life of man."

In conclusion, let me say that Roscoe attempted to do for the growing, but then infant city of Liverpool, what his Italian prototype did for Florence; what Petrarch and Richard de Bury, in a more humble way, did in and for their respective communities. That he devoted his life mainly, and dedicated it civically, to the attempt to create and foster a taste for genuine and exalted literature, and inspire an appreciation and homage for all the arts of life dependent and consequent on literary acquisition and cultured taste pre-eminently; for books which introduce us to the spiritual presence of the best and wisest of mankind, and which *chaperone* us, not merely into the society and companionship of kings, but into the society of the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and purest characters that adorn the world's history. Thus making us a denizen of all the nations, and a contemporary of all the ages, and endowing us with a comradeship with the most divine natures to our proper elevation and enhanced dignity and honour.

This is why I have solicited to-night your allegiance to William Roscoe as the representative of literature in this our community. Because he bore aloft the oriflamme of our society, and because the cause of learning stands in the position of our sovereign lord. By the lives enshrined in books, by the wisdom embalmed in them, we alone can hope to escape the penury and squalor of our daily lives, and emancipation from the ephemeral and transitory penalties of our environment. Our own, as that of the world's immortality, depends on this. As to this let me finally cite the words of the real Hamlet, the prototype of the player's fanciful personality: "The gardens of the

muses have the privilege of the golden age, they ever flourish and are in league with time. The monuments of art survive the monuments of power. The very words of the poet, without a syllable lost, remain and endure, while states and empires pass many periods," finally, inspiring us also with the hope that when the great globe itself is dissolved, our names may be perpetuated, and our existence vindicated in nobler spheres.

MACAULAY THE REFORMING WHIG.

MACAULAY might well boast himself a Whig. He did all that a Whig should do, and refrained from doing what a Whig should not do. He wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*. He dined at Holland House. He was early within that inner circle of political influence upon which, in Whig eyes, national salvation depended. He was seated in the House by a Whig lord, and he twice held office in a Whig ministry. Equally hostile to Tories and Radicals, and by consequence compelled at different times to seem friendly to each, he pursued with honourable consistency that difficult Whig *via media* which enemies call compromise, trimming, see-sawing, "jesuitry of politics;" and which friends regard as the proof of practicality, sanity of judgment, and a wholesome horror of political fanaticism.

He is all for reform in 1832, even to the borders of menace; he is all against the People's Charter in 1842, even to the stretch of declaring universal suffrage to be the prelude to "something more horrible than can be imagined—something like the siege of Jerusalem on a larger scale." He is Whig to the core in lifting up his voice at all seasons for religious toleration, in the cause of which, in 1847, he sacrificed his seat; and one of his noblest speeches is for the repeal of Jewish disabilities. Whig to the core also in that, if only he has substantial toleration, he does not disturb himself about abstract religious equality.

You call me a Liberal, but I don't know that in these days (1847) I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing

armies. I am opposed to the abrogation of capital punishment. I am opposed to the destruction of the National Church. In short, I am in favour of war, hanging, and church establishments.

So with other questions. He was for Free Trade with Cobden; for good Whigs were not deaf to argument and economics; but he withstood the economists to the face and went after Shaftesbury, when it came to the Factory Acts. This runs throughout. It even re-appears in Macaulay the historian. The course of history, he loves to tell us in his own History, is by no means logical. He saw that, and he makes us see it with him, in the Revolution of 1688. But we cannot doubt that he saw it the more clearly because he himself had trodden the path, not of logic, but of Whig compromise.

Few men have so conspicuously manifested the virtues of his type. He was an absolutely honest politician. "I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible," said Sydney Smith, "you might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles before him in vain." And he merited the tribute by his actions.* He was equally honest when he asked for popular support. He valued popular support. He rejoiced when (after the Reform Bill) he was elected at Leeds. It was a severe blow when he was turned out at Edinburgh. But he never flattered the people, nor deluded them, as Whigs fighting a popular battle may so easily do, into the belief that he was more democratic than he really was. He spoke his mind. "The people are to be governed for their own good, and that they may be governed for their own good they must not be governed by their own ignorance." Radicals may say he was distrustful: they cannot say that he was uncandid.

And then, though his greatness lay in literature, he

* *E.g.*, in voting for the Bill that abolished his own commissionership in Bankruptcy.

had in full measure the Whig virtue of practicality. In practical affairs, plan does not, not unduly at least, outrun performance. What he undertakes he carries through.

We see this in the management of his own life, and nothing reveals it more clearly than a comparison with a fellow-countryman of the previous generation—the brilliant but disappointing Mackintosh. Both were men of genius, both were trained to law, both won rapid early fame by their pens, both went into public life, both gained rapid recognition, both were sent to high office in India, both went thither with similar literary ambitions, both were insatiable readers, both brilliant conversationalists, both workers in the province of history. But there the parallel ends. Squandered in the allurements of changing projects, Mackintosh passed away without any sufficient fulfilment of early promise, surrounded by a life-time's accumulation of material for a History which he never succeeded in working into adequate form.

From right to left eternal swervin'
He zig-zagged on.

With Macaulay it was otherwise. Prudent and tenacious, he did what he intended. One object in going to India was to gain a competency: he gained it. One object when he came home was political life: he rose to Cabinet rank. The great object of his life was to write a History of England: he did it; and though what we have is but a magnificent fragment, this lies at the door of the fates which prematurely cut short his life at an age when, in the ordinary course of nature, there was still a vast ripe harvest ready to his hand. It was his practicality that kept him right. Seldom, in literary annals, has so much imaginative power been wedded to so much prudent conduct of private affairs. There are even times when this rather unromantic common-sense is too much with

him. There is a passage in his history where he marvels that Sir Walter Scott, being Saxon by descent, should have cherished so glowing a sympathy for the Celts who routed the Lowlanders at Killiecrankie. As if all the romance of it were nothing ! And there is a sentence in the essay on Mitford's *Greece* in which, with more of Clapham than of chivalry, he declares that :—

No war ought ever to be undertaken but under circumstances which render all interchange of courtesies between the combatants impossible. It is a bad thing that men should hate each other ; but it is far worse that they contract the habit of cutting one another's throats without hatred.

Similarly in his public life. He is always a practical politician. Ornate though his speeches are, he is never drawn away from the matter in hand by theories formulas or sentiments. And when he had a definite piece of work to do, as in the Indian Penal Code, or at the War Office, he shewed himself to be a man of affairs. In Imperial, and especially Indian politics, he always acquitted himself in a way worthy of the traditions of Whig statesmanship.

Add to this that he is perhaps the most conspicuous instance in our history of the union of political interests with the love of letters. This is a feature of nineteenth century Whigs. We have it in the copious animated moderation of Jeffrey ; in the cultivated provincialism of Cockburn ; in the exuberant humour and witty wisdom of Sydney Smith ; as well as in the delight with which men like Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland kept themselves in touch with letters. There was but one respect in which Macaulay fell away from this ideal. His love of letters outran all Whig moderation. On the evening of his defeat at Edinburgh, 1847, he consoled himself in a way that was all his own. He sat down and wrote the well-known

lines in which the Muse appears to mark him as her own. Nor need it be told how, as time went on, this passion for the things of the mind assigned to politics a quite secondary place in his life. One cannot claim it as a Whig characteristic to walk Piccadilly book in hand, "the one form of exercise in which he excelled;" or to repeat *Paradise Lost* on the Holyhead steam-packet; or to prepare oneself for administrative work in India by reading Chrysostom; or to return, again and again, with an appetite which to the last grew with what it fed upon, to Thucydides, Herodotus, Gibbon, and many a lesser name. This man was great as a Whig; we must not forget that he was greater far as a man of letters. "Who was Macaulay the Whig?" men may come to ask soon enough. It will be long before they need to ask: "Who was Macaulay the historian? Who was Macaulay the essayist?"

But with Whig virtues came also Whig limitations.

Perhaps no politician was ever more absolutely certain that he was right. It was a difficult course he had to steer—that reconciliation of the resistless democratic pressure for a broadening of the constitution with the aristocratic ideal of a leadership that was to be select as well as elect. It was, and is, enough to perplex the wisest. It seldom seems to have perplexed Macaulay. He left Cambridge a Whig, and a Whig to the end he remained, without a shadow of turning, "eager to maintain . . . at any moment that none but Whig opinions had a leg to stand upon." It was so in all questions—political or otherwise. He takes his line, candid, intelligible, definite. He is ready to prove it, and it alone, right; and he does prove it, possibly to our satisfaction, but certainly to his own. Yet the problems of those years were not easy.

This to be sure need not be matter for condemnation,

though it must be matter for envy. Absolute certainty in practical affairs has much to be said for it when it can be had. Less enviable is the concomitant fact that, with that unconsciousness of limitation which is itself the greatest limitation, he sometimes makes scant allowance for a world beyond Whig omniscience.

It was so with many of the greatest Whigs, and elsewhere than in politics. Did not Jeffrey announce that Wordsworth would never do? Did he not declare that Scott must, at penalty of losing southern readers, give up his "border prejudices?" And did not Macaulay follow suit by scoffing at "the old flowery philosophy about the effect of scenery on the mind," "the old crazy mystical metaphysics" of Wordsworth; by dismissing Boswell as a fool, and Montesquieu as a coxcomb; and, indeed, by strangely ignoring almost every great writer of his day in his own subject? *

What we know not is not knowledge.

Similarly in matters political. It was not that the Whigs failed to see that the march of progress must go on irresistibly, "in peace or in tumult, by means of old institutions, where these institutions are flexible, over the ruins of old institutions where these institutions offer an unbending resistance." Nor were they unaware of the ideas that were working in the minds of utilitarian radicals like Bentham and the elder Mill, or of "spiritual radicals" like Carlyle, or of the metaphysical group who sat at the feet of Coleridge. They were much too wide-awake to miss what was before their eyes. But they did not gauge the strength of the currents. They did not enough take the deeper issues to heart. They did not come to grips with the ultimate problems, spiritual or economic, of their

* Cf. Cotter Morison, p. 51.

day. Carlyle called them "the grand Dilettanti." "The Whigs," he writes, "are amateurs: the radicals are guild brethren," and the flout is not unjust. Either they could not or they would not—somehow or other it was not in Whig moderation to do it—push home their thought on social questions to fundamentals.

We see this in their political writings. They were great as pamphleteers and essayists; they thought they could convert the world by pamphlets, as Scott remarked; but he would be a rash critic who would put their contribution to the political problems of their day on the rank of Carlyle's *Chartism* or *Past and Present*, or of Mill's essays on "Bentham" and "Coleridge." They had listened gladly to "the gospel according to McCroudy" (who, indeed, was one of themselves), but we must not look to them as economists when we think of the condensed analysis of Ricardo, or the comprehensive grasp and the craftsman's work of the younger Mill. They aspired to be publicists, and as reviewers they sat in judgment on the world; but they could not produce a great political book like Bentham's *Theory of Legislation*, or Austin's *Jurisprudence*, or Mill's *Representative Government*. And here again, as in their literary work, it is not that they fail to give us much. The limitation comes in that lack of reverence for other minds which blinds them to what they did not, and could not give. When Jeffrey, that dapper "Scotch Voltaire," tries hard to persuade Carlyle that it is not a man's business to define his relations to the universe, and exhorts that prophet to "be gay," he is an extreme but a significant type of Whig limitation. Small wonder, therefore, that, as Carlyle said, they "had no foundations." They did not seem to miss them. And though they thought much about political questions, and sat, some of them, at the feet of Dugald

Stewart, to whose eloquence they bore their tribute, and though they had a fine dialectical faculty, which reached its height in Macaulay, of picking holes in utilitarian logic, it must be said of them that they had not a social philosophy among them.

It cannot be said that Macaulay is an exception. He deals in political theory (as we shall see), but the main use of the theory he prefers is to help him to get rid of the theories he detests. He is a great admirer of Burke. "How wonderful," he exclaims, "the greatest intellect since Milton." Yet we search in vain in his political writings for a recognition of the "Divine tactic," or the "discipline of Nature," or the organic nature of human society, or any of those great conceptions whereby Burke lifts up even ephemeral politics into the region of ideas. To the student of Macaulay it is not surprising. When he gave to the world the antithetical eloquence and the coruscating imagery of his estimate of Bacon, he proved himself perhaps the most brilliant of English essayists. But when in that essay he said: "For our own part, if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker and the author of the three books on Anger, we pronounce for the shoemaker," he writes down his own significant limitations as a speculative thinker. There is a passage in his diary where he complains (ironically) that he could not understand one word of Kant; it seems never to have crossed his mind that the failing might not rest with Kant!

Limitation is, however, not a word one would wish to apply to Macaulay. For, when all is said, he would be himself a limited critic who failed to pay his tribute to what Macaulay did for Whig doctrine in bringing to its service the riches of his splendid historical genius. There are students of history who tax him with reading

Whiggism into history. "The Whig press hastened to defend the historian," says Mr. Trevelyan, in what is something of an equivocal tribute, and it has been asserted that Whig sympathies colour his estimates both of measures and men, and especially of men; instance Marlborough, Penn, Dundee, Boswell, Impey, Walpole.* It is for historians to judge, But it is certain that he brought history to Whiggism, and with it the far-reaching fruitful idea of political continuity. Not that we need expect to learn from him what this idea really means. He does not analyse it. And if we wish to understand how generation links with generation, it is not to him we must go, but to Burke, or to the evolutionists. None the less, not all the evolutionists put together, nor even Burke himself, can depict as Macaulay can, with his wide historical sweep, what the fact of continuity is as it strikes the spectator's eye.

It seems to me when I look back on our history, I can discern a great party which has, through many generations, preserved its identity; a party often depressed, never extinguished; a party which, though often tainted with the faults of the age, has always been in advance of the age; a party which, though guilty of many errors and some crimes, has the glory of having established our civil and religious liberties on a firm foundation, and of that party I am proud to be a member.

It was that party which, on the great question of monopolies, stood up against Elizabeth. It was that party which, in the reign of James I, organised the earliest parliamentary opposition, which steadily asserted the privileges of the people, and wrested prerogative after prerogative from the Crown. It was that party which forced Charles I to relinquish the ship money. It was that party which destroyed the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court. It was that party which, under Charles II, carried the Habeas Corpus Act, which effected the Revolution, which passed the Toleration Act, which broke the yoke of a foreign church in your country, and which

* Cf. C. Morison, p. 71.

saved Scotland from the fate of unhappy Ireland. It was that party which reared and maintained the constitutional throne of Hanover against the hostility of the church and of the landed aristocracy of England. It was that party which opposed the war with America and the war with the French Republic; which imparted the blessings of our free constitution to the Dissenters; and which at a later period, by unparalleled sacrifices and exertions, extended the same blessings to the Roman Catholics. To the Whigs of the 17th century we owe it that we have a House of Commons. To the Whigs of the 19th century we owe it that the House of Commons has been purified. The abolition of the slave trade, the abolition of colonial slavery, the extension of popular education, the mitigation of the rigour of the penal code, all, all were effected by that party; and of that party I repeat that I am a member. (*Edinburgh Election*, 1839).

It is in this manner of regarding politics that we find the justification of Whig caution. Radicals may laugh at it. They may think it timidity, distrust of the people, "dilettantism," secret conservatism dragged at the wheels of democracy. It is not so in the best types, and it is not so here. Here it is a just sense, grounded on history, of the *continuity of the constitution*. It has been said that the revolution of 1688 was a revolution not made, but prevented; what more fitting task, then, for the sympathising historian of that revolution to labour, that in his own times revolution should be prevented and not made. And though he was a reformer, and played a willing part in the largest transference of political power which the nineteenth century saw, the only reform he desired was such as could be carried through without breach of continuity. There were in fact two lives which Macaulay led; the one the life of the Whig reformer, the other the life of the historian, who moved, like one in his true home, among the men and the measures of the past. But these two lives were one. Once he described himself as a ministerialist of 1698,

and it was the ministerialist of 1698 who still lived in the Whig of 1832.

The same spirit appears in his attitude to Toryism. It is, of course, hostile. He is a reformer, and all real reform means conflict. In his first speech on parliamentary reform he says:—

It is now time for us to pay a decent, a rational, a manly reverence to our ancestors, not by superstitiously adhering to what they in other circumstances did, but by doing what they in our circumstances would have done. All history is full of revolutions produced by causes similar to those which are now operating in England.

But his weapon is not denunciation, it is persuasion—persuasion resting on the appeal not to imperil the constitution by obstructive and exasperating resistance to reforms which, in the inevitable course of progress, have become irresistible. It is on the conservative instincts of the Tory that he works.

Renew the youth of the state, he cries in the closing words of his appeal to the house, in 1831, save property divided against itself; save the multitude, endangered by its own ungovernable passions; save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power; save the greatest, and fairest, and most highly civilised community that ever existed, from calamities which may, in a few days, sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible, the time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing remorse, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

Never was there a better type of the honest double-mindedness of the Whig. To the Radicals, clamouring for the six points of the Charter, he opposes the continuity of the constitution. To the Tories, half-doubtful if civil war were not a lesser evil than the loss of political

monopoly, he opposes the continuity of the constitution. It is only the inferences that are different. To the Radical, he cries, "In the name of continuity, conserve!" To the Tories, "In the name of continuity, reform!"

But if he thus enriched Whig politics by his historical imagination, he likewise brought to their service a singularly forcible and dexterous controversial faculty. What else could we expect of a man who, in Cambridge days, "regarded every successive mathematical proposition as an open question?"

This appears, of course, in his speeches. It is true he did not speak often enough to become a finished debater. It is also true that many a listener felt himself beyond his depth in the torrent of historical precedents, analogies, allusions, that poured from his lips, to the despair of even the swiftest of reporters. Yet these orations have the merit of being fitted to convince; and there were two celebrated occasions (Copyright Bill, and Bill for excluding judges from seats in the House) upon which they certainly did convince, if we accept Mr. Gladstone's testimony that, on these two occasions, "he arrested the successful progress of legislative measures, and slew them at a moment's notice, and by his single arm." No one has ever more swiftly made his reputation as a speaker of the first rank; and as one reads the speeches it is impossible to wonder at it. Never did dialectician more tenaciously fix his adversary to an issue. nor better know how to select his facts and marshal them, and hurl them at the enemy, nor more dexterously offer a dilemma, nor more relentlessly follow up a *reductio ad absurdum*, nor ever and again more opportunely "cut his cable, set his sails, and launch on a great sea of reasoning eloquence."

But he gave a more signal proof of this quality in that celebrated controversy in which, his biographer tells us,

“he touched the mighty shields of James Mill and Jeremy Bentham, and rode, slashing to right and left, through the ranks of their less distinguished followers.”

In 1824 James Mill, the disciple of Bentham, and the masterful propagandist of philosophical Radicalism, set himself, with corrosive logic and unmitigated zest, to demolish the Whigs in the first number of the *Westminster Review*. He was a political gladiator, with much skill and no mercy, and he hacked and hewed the Whigs before the reading public in a way to which they had not been at all accustomed. There is little doubt he thought his triumph complete. For, though there were many Whig pens, there was no Whig rejoinder—till 1829, when in the rival organ, Macaulay, then under thirty, gave proof that Whig doctrine was never more defiantly alive.

Few political controversies are more instructive, and none livelier reading. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. Macaulay had as much self-confidence, irreverence, pugnacity, and even more controversial skill than the mighty man of Radicalism. He had also quite as large a store of projectiles, even if we base our estimate on the *Essays on Utilitarianism* as we have them, twice “softened” (so we are told), once by Macaulay, and once by Napier. There are many points of interest. At very lowest there is a novelty in seeing in the pillory a man like James Mill who was only too ready (witness his *Fragment on Mackintosh*) to put other people there. And it is a lesson in controversy to note how each combatant identifies the triumph of the principles of the other with the collapse of civilisation. The main point, however, is that the issues raised as between Radical and Whig are crucial.

The Whig theory of Government was that “the higher and middling orders are the natural representatives of the

human race." And, like all Whig doctrines, this had two sides. As theory of reform, it meant "that the British constitution and large exclusions cannot exist together; that the constitution must destroy them, or they will destroy the constitution."* And, as theory of reform resisted, it meant that "it is not by mere numbers, but by property and intelligence that the nation ought to be governed." As to who "the higher," and more especially as to who "the middling orders" are, we need not look for any abstract definition, but we find the concrete elucidation that in our own country the depositaries of power ought to be "the middle class of England, with the flower of the aristocracy at its head, and the flower of the working classes bringing up its rear." It is in this body that Macaulay would have us place our trust, and it is this body he has in view when he declares his conviction that "if we provide the country with popular institutions, these institutions will provide it with great men."

We have here, in short, in its most orthodox form, the Whig doctrine of political trusteeship. There are still to be many persons excluded from the polling booth. But then they have their trustees, those "natural representatives of the human race," the enfranchised citizens, in whose keeping they may rest assured that their real interests will be not only safe, but safer than they would be in their own incapable hands. Nor, again, are all these "natural representatives of the human race" to aspire directly to guide the course of public affairs. Certainly not. The vast majority must rest content with something much more within their competence. First, it is for them the highest wisdom to choose representatives wiser than themselves. "The very principle of all representative government," we are told, "is that men who do not judge well

* The words are Lord Holland's, quoted by Macaulay.

of public affairs may be quite competent to choose others who will judge better." This done, they must trust them.

On this last point Macaulay is as truly Whig as he is in the limitation of the franchise. No man ever took a more determined stand against the pledges which degrade the representative into the delegate.

Nothing is easier, he writes, when candidate for Leeds in 1832, than for a candidate to give extravagant promises while an election is depending, and to forget them as soon as the return is made. I will take no such course. I do not wish to obtain a single vote on false pretences. Under the old system I have never been the flatterer of the great. Under the new system I will not be the flatterer of the people. The truth, or what appears to me to be such, may sometimes be distasteful to those whose good opinion I most value. I shall nevertheless always abide by it, and trust to their good sense, to their second thoughts, to the force of reason and the progress of time.

Nor is this simply a recipe for efficient government. It is the sure path to that happiness of the whole people which to the Whig, no less than to the utilitarian Radical, is the supreme end of national life.

This is the doctrine which James Mill attacked. Nor can it be said that his criticism is at all difficult to understand. It might, indeed, be said to be already contained in Macaulay's own formula *if but a single word be altered*. For *representatives*, we do but need to read *plunderers*. "The higher and middling orders are the natural *plunderers* of the human race;" this is the doctrine of Mill. Nor is it to be supposed that there is anything derogatory to the orders in question in the statement, which indeed imputes to them no more than the attributes of human nature, for in the Benthamite psychology self-interest is the ruling motive. And as the rulers of mankind, no matter who they may be, must needs still be human, they will, of course, if left to their

own devices, act accordingly, and fatten to their fill upon the commonwealth.

The inference is obvious. Men in power must *not* be trusted; on the contrary they must be checked, controlled, and called to account. Public functionaries, as Bentham phrases it, must be made uneasy. Confidence must be minimised, control must be maximised, and all the devices so well known to democracy, short parliaments, democratic suffrage, ballot, and so on, must be brought to bear in order to secure to the last jot and tittle responsibility to those whose interest is identical with the public good, to wit, the whole people or, at any rate, the numerical majority thereof.

It is obvious that, if this be true, Whig "trusteeship" must vanish; mankind, let alone Whig mankind, is not sufficiently disinterested. And in lieu of it comes the pure Benthamite gospel of unlimited responsibility to the people, as the one thing that can save the commonwealth from the rapacity of rulers, be they despotic, or be they democratic.

This radical doctrine, one must add, was, in Mill's hands, punctuated by the tone of its exponent. All the geniality of Bentham is gone. It was a thing unknown either in the public or the private life of this mordant disciple. Instead, we have invective and contempt for the "drivellers" who are fool enough to set their trust in Whig or Tory oligarchs. "Confidence itself is another name for scope to misrule. The author of *Hudibras* said well: 'All that the knave stands in need of is to be trusted, after that the business does itself.'"

It was with the doctrine thus briefly outlined that Macaulay found himself confronted. And from the unchastened rhetoric of the *Essays on Utilitarianism*, in which he dealt with it, two substantial issues emerge.

Of these the one evokes Macaulay's wonted appeal to history. History, as he read it, taught that the nations of the earth had wonderfully prospered without universal suffrage and other radical panaceas. And in England, had not the Whig aristocracy done great things for the national life and liberties? Had not person and property become secure, and ever more secure? Had not despotism been checked and corruption repressed? Had not the arts and sciences gloriously flourished? Had not industry, commerce, and comfort enormously increased? On this ground Macaulay takes his stand and refuses to move from it at the bidding of a theory "from which," as he remarks, "but for two or three passing allusions, it would not appear that the author was aware that any government actually existed among men."

This is the line of criticism that leads on Macaulay to put his finger on the weak point of Mill's theory of government. Mill's theory was rigorously deductive, and the characteristic weakness of all deductive theory—especially of the geometrical type which founds upon few and simple principles—is well known. A mistake at the outset is fatal, nor can any logical concatenation of inferences atone for fragility in the first links of the chain. Macaulay saw this clearly, and presses his advantage to the uttermost. He denies outright the possibility of deducing any theory of government from psychology. Psychology must needs abstract from all the peculiar local and even national characteristics of human nature,—human nature which, from age to age and from place to place, inevitably takes on the changing colours of changeful circumstance. It abstracts, that is to say, precisely from these conditions which must needs be of vital moment to the theoriser in government. Whereas, the kind of theory of government that really concerns the thinker in politics is not a theory

of government for man in general, but for Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Russians, or Turks; in short, for concrete human beings, and not for the thin dehumanised shadows of a universalising psychology. This is Macaulay's drift, and, in the heat of combat, he ventures to push his argument even further. Mill, he argues, is radically wrong in making psychology his starting point at all. The more fruitful method is to begin with the larger entity; not with the individual man, but with society. First let us study the nature of the social environment, including the government under which individuals live, in order that we may thereby come to know the nature of the individuals who develop under its influence. To take the opposite course—as Mill does—to start with propositions about the individual, and then to pass on to deductions about government is, therefore, nothing less than the fallacy of making what is last first, and what is first last. “Our knowledge of human nature,” so runs a quite unequivocal statement, “instead of being prior to our knowledge of the science of government, will be posterior to it.”

The course of subsequent thought was destined to prove how formidable Macaulay's criticisms were. Benthamism was to produce a disciple whose salient characteristic was the ability to learn from other minds, and we have it on the evidence of this disciple himself—is it not written in John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography*?—that Macaulay's criticisms completely opened his eyes, already opened partially, to the impossibility of deducing a theory of government, *more geometrico*, from a handful of psychological premises. Nay, they did more. When we read in the *Logic* of the younger Mill that there is no such thing as a “science of government” at all, because government is a fact so deeply immersed in complex and changing circumstances, we have convincing evidence that Macaulay

had virtually carried one of the central Benthamite positions. At very least he drove the younger Mill to the abandonment of that abstract deductive method that had so completely, and delusively, satisfied his father.

Yet the critic overleaps himself. As happens sometimes with enthusiasts for the historical method, he falls into the fallacy of underrating analysis. Having disposed of the "geometrical method" of Bentham and James Mill, of whom he allows himself to speak as if they were half-simpletons and half-imposters, he is all too eager to supplant it by a pure Baconian empiricism, which would render any real explanation of social facts a permanent impossibility. For when the investigator after Macaulay's own heart had, by strict inductive process, generalised his principles, he would still be far enough from that knowledge of causes without which the explanation of social events is still to seek. Let us suppose him to have convinced himself that commercial countries are democratic, and that free-trade countries grow rich, and that light sentences diminish crime. They may all be valuable generalisations so far as they go. No one need make light of them. They may summarise large masses of facts. But when it comes to the question: Is commerce the cause of democracy? Is freedom of trade the cause of wealth? Are light sentences the cause of decrease of crime?, not only does there emerge the possibility that, in each of these cases, the effect may not be due to the supposed cause, it is even possible that the effect may have come about *in spite of the supposed cause*. Democracy, wealth, decrease of crime are all effects which occur under conditions of exceeding number and complexity. Some of these conditions may tend to promote, others may tend to retard them, others still may exercise but a slight influence in either way. Nor is any man, be his historical outlook

never so wide, beyond the mere beginnings of explanation till he has analysed up the concrete fact of democracy, or wealth, or crime, into its conditions, and come thereby to understand the conditions which are actually operating within the complex body politic. So far as mere induction can pronounce, democracy might be due to many other conditions besides commerce, just as wealth might be due to the improvement of the arts, or the diminution of crime to a religious revival, or to industrial prosperity. Without analysis, that is, without knowledge of the conditions actually present in the facts before him, the observer is still groping in the dark. He does not know what it is that is really happening. Nor can he ever know till he has reinforced his observations and inductions by a social *analysis* as thorough-going as he can make it. Till then, he is not much better in his diagnosis of the body politic, than is the medical empiric, who is so satisfied with having established a conjunction between a symptom and a malady, that he forgets it was his first duty to come to his work with a previous knowledge of the manifold organs and functions of the body physiological.

It follows that James Mill was, after all, not so absolute a simpleton as Macaulay would have us think. He was doubtless wrong in ignoring history; he was wrong in the naive supposition that a few psychological dogmas could be the basis of a theory of government; but he was *not* wrong in insisting on deduction in political science. Without deduction, no such thing as real explanation is possible in social subject matter. What was needed was *not* a repudiation of deduction, but rather its expansion—its expansion in such a fashion that the empirical generalisations about concrete facts might be more fully considered, and, finally, deduced from the laws of all the manifold tendencies, economic, political, moral,

'religious, and so forth, which are discerned by the eye of analysis to be operating in the highly complex body politic.

"It thus appeared," writes J. S. Mill, in a passage of much significance:—

that both Macaulay and my father were wrong; the one in assimilating the method of philosophising in politics to the purely experimental method of chemistry; while the other, though right in adopting a deductive method, had made a wrong selection of one, having taken as the type of deduction not the appropriate process—that of the deductive branches of natural philosophy—but the inappropriate one of pure geometry.

This is undoubtedly the most vital point in issue between the two protagonists. It had decisive influence on the younger Mill. It has permanent significance in all questions as to the methods of political science. Yet, it is not the sole issue. For Macaulay, with characteristic impetuosity, carries the war into the enemy's camp. He roundly denies the alleged selfishness of human nature on which the whole Benthamite theory hung. "Civilised men," he remarks, "are not Yahoos fighting for carrion." And, indeed, he treats his enemy with a copiousness of indignation upon this point, which might well lead us to expect, on his own part, a confession of faith in human devotion and self-sacrifice.

But after all it is nothing very lofty that we find. Scant, indeed, is the trust he reposes in the people at large. What else can we think of the man who declared that universal suffrage would mean something like the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem? One recalls, in this connection, his comment on the popularity of Monmouth.

The charge which may, with justice, be brought against the common people is not that they are inconstant, but that they almost invariably chose their favourite so ill, that their constancy is a vice and not a virtue.

Even when we pass upwards from this mob, doomed (if this be true) to be vicious even in their virtues, and come among the "natural representatives of the human race," the gulf between Macaulay and the reviled Utilitarian is after all not wide. Self-interest still holds its ground. *Only*, it is self-interest construed with all the Whig antipathy to extremes. "The fact is that all men have some desires which impel them to injure their neighbours, and some desires which impel them to benefit their neighbours." It need but be added that, by his own explanation, these last desires are the fear of resistance and the sense of shame, in order to have before us, in its simple lineaments, the view of human nature that is held to justify the substitution for distrust of "Yahoos" of trust in Whigs.

In no form of government [so runs this philosophy for Whigs] is there an absolute identity of interest between the people and their rulers. In every form of government the rulers stand in some awe of the people. The fear of resistance and the sense of shame operate in a certain degree on the most absolute kings, and the most illiberal oligarchies. And nothing but the fear of resistance and the sense of shame preserves the freedom of the most democratic communities from the encroachment of their annual and biennial delegates.

The weakness of this is manifest. The theory of human nature will hardly bear the weight of the doctrine of trusteeship that is built upon it. When the ruler asks the subject to trust him with that large confidence which the Whigs demanded of their countrymen, he must furnish securities more satisfactory than "fear of resistance and the sense of shame." It is just here that Macaulay falls so infinitely short of an earlier and greater Whig. When Burke justified the Whig oligarchy he may have been mistaken; but even if he was, it was in the firm belief that the privileged ruler was capable of that disinterested

patriotism of which he was himself so shining an example. It was on that ground, and on that alone, that he could lay such stress on "virtual" representation, and persistently oppose all extensions of the franchise. Macaulay moves on an altogether lower plane of motive. He has not the confidence in human nature which would enable him to claim for his oligarchy the lofty motives which Burke so confidently claimed for the conservative Whigs of the eighteenth century. He prefers instead to whittle these lofty motives down to "fear of resistance and sense of shame," thereby fatally weakening the props on which the doctrine of trusteeship stood. He pursues, in short, that *via media* of compromise which is as fatal in theory as it may be necessary in practice. He repudiates the path of selfish atomism which James Mill so resolutely trod: he falls short of the unselfish patriotism in which Burke so firmly believed. And yet he will not surrender his Whig dogma that the higher and middle classes are "the natural representatives of the human race." What his political philosophy needed, but never found, was some proof that human nature was so constituted as to be capable of a positive disinterested devotion to the public good. This is what, had he lived long enough, he might have found in the writings of the younger Mill, but then he would have had to take it with the unpalatable addition that there is nothing in human nature to justify the supposition that this devotion to the public good, even up to the pitch of self-sacrifice, is the monopoly of Whigs. It is not to Macaulay but to John Stuart Mill we must go when we wish to confirm our faith in the possible elevation of political motive.

And yet we must not think that Macaulay was in his own career actuated by no higher motives than those he found for his Whig gospel. It may be that he thought too

much of his personal successes. He certainly valued personal reputation; as certainly, he did not undervalue personal popularity. But we need not, therefore, suppose that it was no higher motive than "the love of reputation," or "the sense of shame," that drew him from literary achievement, on which his whole heart was set, back into the wearing and less congenial service of the State.

It would be equally unjust to him to suppose that he was in any bondage to the illusion of "finality," with which the Whigs of 1832 are sometimes taxed and taunted. Being a Whig, he stopped far short of universal suffrage in his life-time. He could not consent to enlarge the electorate, except when he had sufficient securities—the double securities of education and a property qualification. But with this firm reservation, he repudiated finality with warmth enough to satisfy a radical; and in one of his last great speeches he declared for the re-opening of the settlement of 1832. It would be idle to conjecture what line he would have taken in the vast redistributions of political power that have twice taken place since his death, or what he would have deemed fidelity to those Whig principles from which we may be certain he would never have swerved. But we may appropriately leave him with one of his latest, which is also one of his most characteristic utterances. The date is 1852.

We shall make our institutions more democratic than they are, not by lowering the franchise to the level of the great mass of the community, but by raising, in a time which will be very short when compared with the history of a nation, the great mass up to the level of the franchise.

THOMAS CARLYLE :
HISTORIAN, PHILOSOPHER, MAN OF LETTERS.

ON the wall of an upstairs apartment of modest dimensions in a three-roomed cottage known as the Arch House, in the village of Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, hangs a framed address, the recipient of which was born in that humble chamber eighty years before the date of its presentation. The address bears the names of more than a hundred distinguished representatives of literature, philosophy, science, and art, and is written in language of affectionate veneration for one described as "a teacher whose genius and achievements have lent radiance to his time." Tributes of admiration furnish, not infrequently, opportunities for indulgence in terms of eulogy more remarkable for rhetorical exuberance than literal veracity; but the character of the signatories to the address preserved at Ecclefechan precludes suspicion of conventional flattery. The men of genius or talent who signed it regarded Thomas Carlyle as a personification of the ideal portrayed by himself in *The Hero as Man of Letters*, and paid homage to the accepted Nestor of the intellectual world.

At that time, the year 1875, Carlyle occupied a position of unchallenged pre-eminence in the republic of letters, and the search would be vain for an author of the period capable of being brought into effective comparison with the sage whose influence upon English thought and life, in the opinion of many, entitles him to be regarded as the greatest literary force of the nineteenth century.

For effective comparison with Thomas Carlyle more would be necessary than the discovery of an intellect of equal profundity, knowledge as wide, gift of expression as great, moral insight as penetrating. This, indeed, may be found. Carlyle was not a Triton among the minnows, or a Peak of Teneriffe standing in lonely and splendid isolation, but the most brilliant star in a superb galaxy. It was the age of Browning, Tennyson, Newman, Ruskin, and Dickens, but it cannot be said that any of these possessed an influence equivalent in range, depth, and variety with that of Thomas Carlyle. That elusive and mysterious analysis—baffling something, or somewhat, hinted at, but not described in the word “personality,” was chiefly responsible for the unique power he exercised over the minds of his contemporaries; and the terms prophet and seer, so frequently applied to him, indicate the popular conception of the nature of that influence. Even the temporary and partial eclipse of Carlyle’s reputation since his death is a further evidence of the real source of his power. The supposed revelation of weaknesses and inconsistencies in the character of the seer has diminished his authority by the suggestion conveyed that precept was divorced from practice in the conduct of his life. The domestic infelicities of a Bulwer or Dickens produce little effect upon readers, because faults of personal character in a novelist need not vitiate the enjoyment to be gained from the perusal of his books. But the marital shortcomings of a prophet are a serious matter, because they affect his right to the veneration accorded a spiritual guide. A selfish, unjust, irascible and petulant author of amusing and interesting novels may not diminish the sale of his works, or reduce the number of his readers by indulgence in irritability in the secluded precincts of the family circle. But a selfish, unjust, irascible and petulant

archbishop would find his authority weakened and his reputation at stake if the facts emerged from the privacy of the archiepiscopal palace, and his published sermons would probably be accelerated in their progress to the waste-paper basket. It is an unfortunate circumstance that Carlyle's biographer, so well qualified by literary gifts, adequate knowledge, and enthusiasm for his subject, was entirely deficient in humour, a constitutional defect which interfered with accurate presentment of facts. For the moment his work obscures the light, and injuriously affects the legitimate influence of a character of intrinsic nobility and splendid moral endowment. It is an indispensable preliminary to any judgment of Carlyle to realize the prophetic nature of the man and his communication. He regarded himself and was by others regarded as entrusted with a message to his generation. This explains the peculiar quality of his philosophical writings, his original method of dealing with history, his treatment of individual characters, his outlook upon literature and life, and the attitude he assumed towards society in general, and its members in particular.

Carlyle was born in the year that Napoleon, with a "whiff of grape-shot," blew into space the last vestige of the power of Sansculottism. He grew up to manhood with the eddies of the French Revolution circling around him, amid the chaos of hopes, aspirations, and ideas belonging to an age that had seen the downfall of a civilization and the birth of an era of "liberty, fraternity, equality." A Babel-din of voices rent the air. It was a period of restorations and of fresh experiment. The men of the time were certainly Beings of large discourse, looking before and after. Some were reviving an interest in the past, others were anticipating the problematical glories of the future. Oxford movements and reform bills were

approaching. Panaceas of every description for the woes that afflict humanity were offered in all directions. Carlyle looked on at the "wild fighting, loving, praying, blaspheming, weeping, laughing sort of a world" in which his lot was cast. Of peasant origin, intended for the Presbyterian ministry, recoiling from that, studying mathematics, reading law, drudging at distasteful school-mastering, doing hackwork for an encyclopædia, acting as tutor, engaged in translating French and German, with no settled occupation or clear vocation, his destiny seemed as uncertain as the tendencies of the times. Then came two fresh influences into his life, he married a woman with an intellect capable of recognizing his genius, and possessing a small property in the wilds of Dumfriesshire, where, in Emerson's phrase, "the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." And he came under the spell of a master-mind.

In a Europe shaken by revolution one man seemed lifted above the storm and stress like an Olympian god—the poet Goethe—the man who saw everything, knew everything, understood everything, and presented a spectacle of unruffled composure, serene wisdom, tranquil strength—an intellectual and spiritual Colossus, vast and inscrutable as the Sphinx. To that source of enlightenment Carlyle repaired, and found, as he said, a passage "out of the blackness and darkness of death." Gradually the dust settled, the confusions and perplexities of his life were allayed, out of the seething chaos of things in general was evolved a kosmos. "I, too, could now say to myself, 'Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce! produce!! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up! up!! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy

whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.' ”

Carlyle at length had realised his mission, and the voice of a prophet began to be heard in the land. He was not a man naturally attracted to literary pursuits, who rejoiced in the exercise of gifts of imagination. He drifted into literature as presenting the only available means of uttering his message. The occupant of a pulpit stands, it is said, six feet above contradiction, but that elevation is too mean for a prophet addressing his generation. He must find a coign of vantage from which he can be heard by the world at large. To achieve this, Carlyle wrote books, and every book was an agony, written, as he said, “with all his nerves ablaze,” not a pleasant occupation the congenial task of a *litterateur*, but an imperative duty to be faced with knitted brows and jaws locked in grim determination, always the very last thing he would like to be doing, but something to which he was urged by a feeling of almost *dæmonic* possession. And when it was finished, Carlyle was exhausted and ill, and, like the fabled wrestler, needed the touch of mother-earth, his native soil of Annandale, to restore his wonted vigour.

As once Antaeos on the Libyan strand,
More fierce recovered when he reached the sand.

The prophetic tone, in a kind of undercurrent, can be detected in everything that Carlyle wrote, even in the *Essays*, some of which, notably that on Burns, rank among the best in the language, and were surpassed by nothing that he afterwards accomplished. But it was in *Sartor Resartus* that he presented his credentials as a forth-teller of eternal laws and their consequences. It is the autobiography of a prophet, or so much of it as may be necessary, to kindle faith in his mission. Mere literature he despised. Unless an author could be seen “toiling for the

spiritually indispensable," his productions would probably be dismissed as "putrescent cant," "froth oceans," a "sea of dead dogs," or "chaff and dust which let the wind blow whither it listeth." It was the spirit in which a man laboured that had importance for Carlyle. Work was real, whether physical or mental, and if it could be done without speech, so much the better. "Could one generation of men be forced to live without rhetoric, babblement, hearsay, in short, with the tongue well cut out of them altogether, their fortunate successors would find a most improved world to start upon." He is accused of preaching the Gospel of Silence in upwards of thirty volumes, but a Gospel of any kind, even of silence, seems to presuppose a preacher.

As years passed on the prophetic tone became less musical, Wagnerian effects were introduced, and in his old age it reminded alarmed or unfriendly listeners of the discordant roar of a monarch of the forest seeking his meat from God. What men wanted in these confused times was wise government. The Rabbinical axiom "This people, which knoweth not the law, are accursed," was probably congenial to Carlyle. England had a population of "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools." Strong men were needed to guide them, to make them work. But where were they to be found? Diogenes went out with his lantern, but the search was in vain. Parliament said they are not with me, and the Church said they are not with me. There seemed some hope in the aristocracy, but alas! the barbarians were at play or idle, "preserving their game." The dumb, driven multitude, in a kind of inarticulate fashion, appealed for capable rule, and even adopted contemptible asinine methods in the hope of getting it, such as counting noses instead of weighing brains, sending men up to the Houses of Palaver, and advocating the vote

by ballot. But, "If of ten men, nine are recognizable as fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of those ten men? . . . Not by any method under heaven, except by suppressing, and in some good way reducing to zero, nine of those votes, can wisdom ever issue from your ten." Other ages were better off, they had real Kings and Heroes to govern them. The mass of men were ciphers. Nothing is to be gained by multiplying zero. You want a numeral in front of your row of ciphers, then they count for something. A great man was such a numeral. He gave whatever meaning it possessed to his time. "The history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here." A great man is "a flowing light-fountain . . . of native original insight, of manhood, and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them." This doctrine is a principal ingredient in Carlyle's philosophy of history, the theme of his volume on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, the basis of the comparison instituted in *Past and Present*, and it sharpens the weapon of his attack on modern institutions, methods, and beliefs, in the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, and several Essays.

Much has been written about Carlyle's style. Like the Literary Dictator of the previous century, he has given his name to a method of writing English which seems almost a private dialect for personal use. We have Johnsonese, at its best an Anglo-Latin hybrid, and Carlylese, at its worst a mongrel of Anglo-German parentage. The one suggesting a plethoric condition tending to apoplexy; the other an attack of St. Vitus's dance, with symptoms of graver paralysis. Buffon said "the style is the man." Carlyle's early writings differ to a merely slight extent

from the productions of other authors of the late Georgian period. They were bread and butter studies chiefly, for even a prophet must live. But as soon as he succeeded in escaping from the thralldom of hack work, and could begin to deliver his message, the style underwent a change, the fiery energy, passion and excitement of the man penetrated his language. It was impossible to live at ease in a linguistic Zion prophesying smooth things or writing polished sentences. When the nerves began to blaze the phrases glowed with heat, words melted into amazing compounds, sparks flew upward, our ears are assailed with a fusillade of strange and startling parts of speech, a shower of bent and twisted sentences, red hot from the anvil, descends around, we hear of "logical *fata morganas*," "truculent charlatans," "temporary phantasms," "indolences and esuriences," the "jabbering of spectres," "monstrous illusory hybrids," "nightmare wildernesses," the "grimacing dance of apes," "a poor weather-worn, tanned, curried, wind-dried human creature called a Chancellor, all, or almost all, gone to horse hair and officiality," and many things "quite too otherwise than so." It was not affectation, the "style was the man," and the man was a latter-day prophet.

As the author of *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle is included, by most authorities, in the list of English philosophers, but some deny his right to be found in such august company. That, of course, depends upon what we mean by philosophy. If we are guided by the etymological meaning of the word, or even swayed by its popular use, it is difficult to exclude his name from the muster-roll. But the term has acquired, in scientific circles, a stricter connotation. Matthew Arnold said that his critics found him deficient in a philosophy with "coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative principles." The

same critics would undoubtedly allege a similar deficiency in Carlyle. It would be difficult to convince them that the Clothes Philosophy, unfolded in *Sartor Resartus*, presented the features of a coherent and properly articulated system. A professor of "things in general," whose philosophical masterpiece, to quote Carlyle himself, resembled "some mad banquet wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish, flesh, soup and solid, oyster sauce, lettuces, Rhine wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry public invited to help itself," would seem lacking in the usual credentials for admission to the society of the staid and serious philosophers. He may remind us of Rabelais, Sterne, Richter, and Swift, but has little in common with Locke or Hume, Bain or Spencer. The prophetic element in his nature that was largely responsible for an extraordinary style, was also accountable for the heterogeneous and unsystematic character of his contributions to philosophy. "The supreme glory of Carlyle," says Mr. Chesterton, "was that he heard the veritable voices of the kosmos. He left it to others to attune them into an orchestra."

Probably four-fifths of the writings of Carlyle belonged to the domain of history. Half of the thirty volumes of his collected works in the Centenary Edition are devoted to his three great works, *The French Revolution, a History*; *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*; and *The History of Frederick the Great*. Nearly two-thirds of the remaining volumes contain historical or biographical matter. "Let us search more and more into the past," he says, "let all men explore it as the true foundation of knowledge, by whose light alone, consciously or unconsciously employed, can the present or the future be interpreted or guessed at." Here, again, we come in touch with the ruling passion.

The value of the knowledge obtained of the past, consisted in the light that enabled the seer to interpret and guess, to see and foresee, to exercise his prophetic function. "History," he observes, "is a real prophetic manuscript." The history of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah was not written with a more obvious purpose of exhibiting the hand of Jehovah in the course of events, than the works of Carlyle with the object of illustrating and enforcing the eternal laws that he conceived it his mission to declare. History, to Carlyle, was "philosophy teaching by experience," just as to the Jew, history was "religion teaching by experience."

It was in the year of Queen Victoria's accession that *The French Revolution, a History*, was published, and Carlyle's reputation as a writer of the first rank was made. In one of his essays he has told us that "the artist in history may be distinguished from the artisan in history, for here, as in all other provinces, there are artists and artisans; men who labour mechanically in a department without eye for the whole, not feeling that there is a whole, and men who inform and ennoble the humblest department with an idea of the whole, and habitually know that only in the whole is the partial to be truly discerned." Carlyle was an artist in history, and from the artistic point of view, *The French Revolution* was his greatest work. For painstaking industry to secure absolute accuracy in matters-of-fact, it is not surpassed by the most dreary production of the school that has removed history from the province of literature to the dismal region—an abode of bats and owls—in which are compiled statistics and catalogues, lists of addenda, and tables of contents. As a monument of industry in ransacking authorities and gathering materials, it can bear comparison with any book in the language except his own

Frederick, and the immortal work of Gibbon. The allusions and references upon almost every page seem to favour the presumption that hardly a book, or pamphlet, or newspaper of the period of the Revolution escaped his notice. No artisan of history ever laboured more assiduously in the mechanical department of a subject than did this supreme artist. And then the seer began to tell the story of the colossal convulsion that shook the social and political fabric of the civilized world with an "eye for the whole," and a capacity for "informing and ennobling the humblest department with an idea of the whole." So that we sit as spectators in the stalls and see the evolution of the tragedy, and mark the looks and gestures of the actors, and hear their faintest whispers, and note the very cut of their clothes. To quote words I have used here before, "we hear the mad crowd surging around the Bastille; we see the procession of women marching on Versailles; we see Louis, the irresolute, drinking burgundy while his fate is settled by the village postmaster; Mirabeau, with shaggy locks, Danton, with voice reverberating under the domes, Robespierre in gay attire, with sea-green bilious face restoring the worship of the supreme being; we hear the solitary voice of the last Girondin singing beside the guillotine; we hear the sharp cry of the murdered Marat, and the triumphant defiance of Charlotte Corday."

It has been made the subject of wondering comment that, after saturating his mind with the period of the French Revolution, Carlyle should turn for his next great effort to the age of the English Rebellion, and then devote the remainder of his working life to the German Frederick and the foundation of the Prussian monarchy. There seems no obvious connection between the three, and most historians adopt the plan of making some special period their own. An accident appears to have suggested the

Cromwell, but I think we can trace the links of, perhaps, an undesigned chain of coincidence. The French Revolution sounded the death knell of an effete form of civilization, and its effects were far-reaching. What happened in France is told in Carlyle's work. There remained for consideration its influence in England and Germany. That influence, while admittedly great upon life, and literature which reflects life, left unshaken the British constitution and the Prussian monarchy. Carlyle's *Cromwell* explains the stability of the former, and his *Frederick* accounts for the strength of the latter. While the French government collapsed in the tempest, the English and Prussian thrones survived the storm. Carlyle's three great works furnish an explanation of the phenomena, a key to the general situation.

In England the French Revolution awakened chiefly feelings of antagonism. It came too late. England had learned nearly a hundred and fifty years before the guillotine was set up, that, as a grim old Scotchman expressed it, "kings had a life in their necks." There was nothing novel and inspiring to Englishmen in the gospel of Rousseau or Voltaire. Our own revolution had long been an accomplished fact, and was now a comparatively remote historical occurrence. The great rebellion saved us from participation in the French fever. We were inoculated already, and immune from the disease. The commanding figure that dominated the course of that rebellion attracted the high priest of Hero worship. It was especially magnetic to a man nourished in youth upon Puritan ideas, and who never shook off completely the influence of that early Puritan training. Making allowance for dogmatic differences and inconsistencies, there was much in common between Cromwell and Carlyle. They were men of a like temper and spirit. To the last Cromwell was Carlyle's

favourite hero, "nothing that was contrary to the laws of heaven was allowed to live by Oliver." But it had become the fashion to regard the great Puritan as an illustration of successful hypocrisy. It was impossible to gainsay the influence that he exercised upon his generation, but it was explained as a malevolent influence. There was a widespread belief that he was an impostor and quack. Carlyle set himself to combat this theory, It was derived from tainted sources, and intrinsically incredible. Investigation of the facts proved it wholly untenable and absurd. As he said in the essay on *Mahomet*, "A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house." Cromwell's achievement negated the theory of imposture and falsity. We may not agree with the policy of Cromwell, but let him be heard. Let us ascertain from his words and deeds the character of the man. "It is from his own words, as I have ventured to believe, from his own letters and speeches well read, that the world may first obtain some dim glimpse of the actual Cromwell, and see him darkly face to face." The result has been the rehabilitation of the Puritan leader. And now in close vicinity to the palace of Westminster a statue of the chief of parliamentarians has been placed, we can hardly say set up, for the site is an excavation below the level of the roadway, not unlike the kitchen area of a town house. There, with his back to Westminster Hall, the effigy of the Lord Protector stands, a monument almost as much to the success of Carlyle as to the memory of Cromwell.

Incidentally the book set the fashion of whitewashing historical characters of doubtful reputation, and is indirectly responsible for the return, or attempted return of Henry VIII, the Emperor Nero, Richard III, and others under a cloud, to the ranks of respectable society. The labour involved in editing Oliver's letters and speeches was

enormous. "*Cromwell* I must have written in 1844, but for four previous years it had been a continual toil and misery to me, four years of abstruse toil, obscure speculation, futile wrestling and misery I used to count it had cost me." "There are from thirty to fifty thousand unread pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable." "They lie there printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles as shot rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed." His mental pilgrimage through the dusty inferno of seventeenth century archives is thus described:—

Dreariest continent of shot rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge; obscure in lurid twilight, as of the shadow of death; trackless, without index, without finger post, or mark of any human foregoer; where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude peopled only by somnambulent Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire. There all vanquished, overwhelmed, under such waste lumber mountains does the age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us.

Out of this valley of dry bones arose, erect and stately, the figure of the Great Protector, "the soul of the Puritan revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an epoch in the world's history." And as Mr. Traill remarked, his countrymen "willingly acquiesce in Carlyle's canonization of the Lord Protector, for they feel that he has earned a right to his saint by drawing them so masterly a portrait of the man."

Long and tedious as Carlyle found the task of editing and elucidating the letters and speeches of Cromwell, it was accomplished with brevity and ease in comparison

with the time and toil demanded by his third great work, *The History of Frederick the Great*. The Prussian monarchy, strong and stable, was a monument of one man's energy and genius. It was an effective illustration of Carlyle's doctrine of heroes, if not an absolute proof of its truth. After some hesitation he fixed upon Frederick as the text for a sermon to an age that turned a deaf ear to the Latter-Day Pamphlets. A start was made, and then he found himself involved in writing a history of the Eighteenth century, with a preliminary survey of Germany from the earliest times. "One of the grand difficulties," he remarks, "in a history of Frederick is, all along, this same, that he lived in a century which has no history, and can have little or none." A century "so steeped in falsity and impregnated with it to the very bone that, in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it." "But now, how to extricate the man from his century." And he concludes that as "a kind of dusky chaotic background" so much of it must be preserved, "as by nature adheres, what of it cannot be disengaged from our hero and his operations." Moreover, "of Brandenburg, what it was, and what Prussia was, and of the Hohenzollerns, and what they were, and how they rose thither, a few details to such as are dark about these matters cannot well be dispensed with here." Carlyle was thorough; the next chapter begins with "Pytheas, the Marseilles travelling commissioner, looking out for new channels of trade" "about the year 327 before Christ," "the first writing or civilized creature that ever saw Germany," "and reported of it to mankind." To some minds it is probable that the commercial investigations of a Greek mercantile gentleman, in the fourth century before Christ, would seem more relevant to a history of the life and times of Alexander the Great than to a bio-

graphy of the great Frederick. But Carlyle painted the imposing figure of the hero as king on a canvas of huge dimensions, with the history of a country that had no history as foreground, and for background the history of a century that deserved no history. It engaged the rest of his working life. If much of the fame of Frederick rests upon a seven years' war, much of the celebrity of Carlyle is based upon a fourteen years' struggle. It was a labour of Hercules, begun at the age of 56, and not completed until he was 70, "a desperate dead-lift pull all that time; my whole strength devoted to it." He pursued his usual method of investigation, reading through whole libraries, sifting authorities past and present, wading in what he considered "foul Lethæan quagmires," groping amid "anti-solar systems of chaff," visiting the scenes of Frederick's battles, collecting books, pamphlets, portraits, prints, everything that bore, however remotely, upon his subject. Year after year passed, five, ten, nearly fifteen, and there he sat in his sound-proof room under the tiles engrossed, absorbed, concentrated upon the task. After a day of toil he would come downstairs at sunset, mount his horse, and ride. During those years he reckoned that he had ridden in this way thirty thousand miles. "That awful *Frederick*," his wife said, "the tremendous book made prolonged and entire devastation of any satisfactory semblance of home life or home happiness." The work was published in several instalments, the first two volumes at the end of seven years, the remainder at intervals during seven years more. As many as Jacob served for Rachel, although they did not "seem unto him but a few days for the love he had to" his *Frederick*! Long before the end came illusion had vanished. He knew the image had feet of clay. Mr. Nicholl says, "his constant cries of positive pain in the progress of the work are distressing, as his

indomitable determination to wrestle with and prevail over it is inspiring. There is no imaginable image that he does not press into his service in rattling the chains of his voluntary servitude."

At length he was free and triumphant. The book was, in commercial and pecuniary, as well as in loftier ways, a supreme success. Money, honours, fame, troops of friends, hosts of admirers were his. The censer swung, the incense rose, the organ pealed. From that date, 1865, he was *facile princeps*, the acknowledged leader in English literature. The hero as man of letters.

Readers of the *Frederick* are probably far less numerous than readers in the *Frederick*. It is not the kind of book that men sit up at night to finish. There are many devout Carlyleans who have not finished it yet. To employ a homely illustration, it is like a joint of magnitude that invites us to cut and come again. The Society of Authors ought to give medals to people who have read straight through the *Frederick*. They are even more rare than those who have read to a finish the *Decline and Fall*, or *Paradise Lost*. The work is a miscellany, a picture gallery. It invites and repays many visits, its treasures are inexhaustible. It is "a feast of fat things, a feast of wine upon the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined," but a Gargantuan appetite is needed to do full justice to the menu. It is the survey of a land of an extent too vast for the limited vision of an ordinary man, but seen by a prophet from the summit of Pisgah. It is like the British Museum, which has to be dealt with in sections. We call it a book, but it is really a library. History, biography, philosophy, poetry, essays, wit, wisdom, humour, irony, eloquence, pathos. All are there under the compendious title of *Frederick*.

The historian of the French Revolution, the English

Rebellion, the Prussian Monarchy satisfies the requirements of two antagonistic historical schools, the Old and the New. The old school was undoubtedly careless in presentation of facts. It was more literary than scholarly. It avoided the labour of investigation, and was indifferent to accuracy. But it was alive to the advantage of style, and presented its matter in an attractive and readable form. The new school scorned delights, and lived laborious days. Its work was painstaking, accurate, dull and unreadable. It measured, weighed, took note of everything. It registered Napoleon's height, and counted the warts on Cromwell. But the soul of history was ignored. It gave us no pictures of the past, it drew diagrams. Its men and women move like puppets, and look like mummies. But Carlyle's histories are like a resurrection of the dead. As we read them the twentieth century vanishes, we are in the Paris of Louis XVI, the Westminster of the Long Parliament, the Potsdam of Frederick, we rub elbows with living people, often heard about, but never seen before. Carlyle gave us the list of a man's hats, and the measure of his mind. We ascertained what his laundress knew, and we learned almost what his Maker knew. The trivial was there, and the sublime was there. The industry of the artisan and the inspiration of the artist.

The consideration of a man's work under separate headings has certain conveniences, such as attach also to the division of his mind into compartments, and labels have their practical uses. But we need Carlyle's caution that, "only in the whole is the partial to be truly discerned." Philosopher, historian, man of letters, he was all three at the same time. His reputation as a thinker, when taken into account with the generally adverse criticism of his style, might favour the opinion that he was best described as a philosopher. Then a glance at the

titles of his long row of works would suggest the amendment that he was really an historian, who sought occasional relief in philosophy and literary criticism. But perhaps the third and more comprehensive designation is the most satisfying. A man may be a philosopher without much gift of literary expression. There is the possibility, indeed, that an utter inability to give intelligible shape to his thoughts may materially enhance his fame. Profundity and obscurity are often supposed to be blood relations—cousins at least. And a man may be an historian without much gift of literary expression. It would be easy to name two or three in the front rank whose voluminous productions, although bound in the form of books, and accommodated usually on shelves, have nothing to do with literature. Their volumes contain collections of facts, other volumes adjacent may contain collections of stamps. Both kinds of accumulation have a certain recognised value, but it is not that which attaches to literature.

Carlyle, however, was a man of letters, a master of speech, an artist in words. "He is one of the very few," said Dr. Garnett, "in whose hands language is wholly flexible and fusible." A gallery of verbal paintings might be furnished from his works, exhibiting almost every variety or capacity of the English tongue. It would contain landscapes, battle-pieces and noble portraits. We should find the atmospheric effects of a Turner, the weird and savage energy of a Salvator Rosa, the rich colouring of a Titian or Rubens, the minute realistic accuracy of an Ostade, the insight into character of a Vandyck, the powerful portraiture of a Rembrandt. Passages of extraordinary beauty and splendour abound in his writings, and just as many of the old masters gave glimpses of exquisite landscape in the backgrounds of their pictures through some open window or door, so, incidentally, Carlyle paints

like gems of scenery, such as his description of the sun at midnight shining over the polar sea. And no man was better able to awaken feelings of awe, by enabling a reader to realize the splendours and terrors that surround the dim and uncertain pathway of man. The sketches of character, mental or moral idiosyncrasy, and personal appearance, that are scattered in books like the *Frederick* are inimitable, and scores of historical personages live in the imagination as they are drawn by Carlyle. Fidelity to truth and nature was a chief characteristic in his realization of the past. His eye was always fixed on the essential fact. "Military students in Germany," we are told, "are set to learn Fredericks battles in Carlyle's account of them."

The last years of Thomas Carlyle provide an impressive commentary on the vanity of human wishes and the pathos of human life. The old man eloquent, when he laid down the pen that had written *Frederick*, had sixteen years to live. Poverty, struggle, and the strain of intense labour, were over. Churches claimed him as essentially theirs by virtue of his advocacy of righteousness. Universities proffered complimentary degrees. The prime minister was ready with a title and a pension. As a rule, all honours and distinctions were declined. But he accepted the Prussian Order of Merit, for it was founded by Frederick the Great, and he consented to become the Lord Rector of his own university. His visit to Edinburgh was a triumph—perhaps the greatest in his life—and affords an historical parallel to the visit of Voltaire to Paris, when they "smothered him with roses." But in the hour of victory, as with Nelson at Trafalgar, as with Wolfe at Quebec, came the shattering blow that for all practical purposes put an end to Carlyle's career. While he was resting in Scotland, Mrs. Carlyle died, and the old

man returned to learn from an examination of her papers and letters the hidden tragedy of her domestic life. Henceforth, he was a broken-hearted man, "the light of his life as if gone out," the years that were left devoted chiefly to gathering up the fragments that remained. Around the patriarch was grouped a band of admirers and disciples which included most of the noblest and wisest of their time—poets, scholars, men of letters. The modest home of the aged philosopher became a Mecca, to which resorted pilgrims; an oracle whence issued utterances that were echoed far and wide. Probably no other house in London is haunted by the memories of so many famous men. And through these men, the influence of Carlyle was felt by multitudes who never read a line of his published works. As long as we derive inspiration from the later Victorian writers we are living to a greater or lesser degree under the spell of Thomas Carlyle.

The end came on 5th February, 1881, and a few days later, amid sleet and snow, the most remarkable Englishman of the age was silently laid to rest among his kindred in the graveyard of Ecclefechan, not far from the humble cottage in which he was born.

An exhaustive analysis of the causes contributory to the reaction that, for the moment, has deposed Carlyle from the position in popular estimation that he once occupied, would involve a digression of inordinate length, but I reject, as wholly incredible, the supposition that a writer of such commanding genius, learning, artistic power, and moral force, will be relegated for any length of time to the cold shade of neglect, and already there are signs of the recovery of a public mental balance disturbed by the injudicious publication of materials that, in the absence of adequate explanation based upon knowledge of the general tenour of Carlyle's life, created an erroneous

impression of his character. The prophetic strain that introduced an emotional element into his philosophy and made it more mystico-religious than rational ; that used history as a medium for the promulgation of theories of righteousness ; and that availed itself of literary criticism as a means of enforcing doctrine, influenced, also, his attitude towards contemporary life. A prophet with a message to a crooked and perverse generation living in times that were out of joint, regarded, with more indignation than sympathy, the political, religious, social, and literary tendencies of an age that, seen through the Chelsea spectacles, seemed indifferent to what Carlyle considered eternal laws that made for righteousness. With governments "fallen anarchic," churches given over to "dramaturgic fogle-worship," the fine arts "divorced entirely from truth," literature, "the haven of expatriated vanities and prurient imbecilities," and social life the happy hunting ground of innumerable quacks, it was not probable that individual politicians, divines, artists, *litterateurs*, and the like, would escape the general denunciation, and very few of them were saved by their genius, or even their character, from the lash of scorn. But if we are to understand him, and avoid the injustice laid to his charge, it is necessary to remember that Carlyle combined the spirit of a prophet with the heart of a humourist. After a torrid outburst would come Homeric laughter. No one, it is said, knew him until they had heard him laugh. "How much lies in laughter," he says in *Sartor*, it is "the cipher key wherewith we discern the whole man ; some men wear an everlasting barren simper ; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice ; the fewest are able to laugh what may be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffing husky cacchination, as if they were

laughing through wool—of none such comes good.” It is absurd to attach to the jocular *obiter dicta* of Carlyle the weight of a chancery judgment. They were not judicial decisions. They were the amusing exaggerations of a man of the deepest feeling, and were so regarded by those who heard them. Tremulous pity mingled with his sarcasm, “gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity, he would clasp the whole universe into his bosom and keep it warm.” “O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom and wipe away all tears from thy eyes.” “Intellectually fulfilling one’s ideal of greatness,” observes Sir J. Crichton Browne, “a man made in the noblest human mould, in originality, in range of historical knowledge, in breadth of literary culture, in command of language, in lustre of imagination, in grasp of judgment unsurpassed in his century, Carlyle will yet be recognised through the mists and miasmas that Froude has drawn around him, and through the gloom of his moodiness and melancholy, as morally, as well as intellectually, great. He was verily one of the kindest, most generous, true-hearted, humane, and upright of men, in whom, under a rugged exterior, were great depths of tenderness and comprehensive sympathy; who, with intense earnestness, combined quaint pleasantry and genial humour. When his shallow and ribald critics are forgotten, his memory will be cherished by the world.”





JAMES SMITH PHOTO., WAVERTREE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON was the third son of William Hatton, of Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, whose wife was Alice, daughter of Lawrence Saunders, of Harrington, in the same county.

Baker traces the pedigree back to Ivo, a nobleman of Normandy, the supposed ancestor of the Fitz-Nigells, Barons of Halton, and of other families in Cheshire. This Ivo is said to have had six sons, of whom Wolfaith was the youngest. He was Lord of Hatton in the County of Chester, and from him a long series of knights and esquires were descended. One of these was Piers or Peter Hatton, of Quisty Birches, in the County of Chester, whose third son, Henry Hatton, founded a new line by marrying, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, Elizabeth, the sister and eventually sole heiress of William Holden, of Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, esquire. John Hatton, their eldest son, settled at Holdenby and had three sons, William the eldest; John Hatton of Gravesend in Kent, ancestor of the Viscounts Hatton, now represented by the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham; and Christopher.

William Hatton, the eldest son, married Alice Saunders. Their only daughter, Dorothy, married John Newport, of Horringham, in Warwickshire, esquire. Of their three sons, Francis and Thomas died young and unmarried; Christopher succeeded to the estates at Holdenby, and forms the subject of this paper.

Some writers throw considerable doubt upon the earlier

items in this pedigree, and would in this and some other instances shake our simple faith in Norman blood. History and romance furnish us with favourite spots, such as the silver strand of Loch Katrine, or the site of the high altar in the Norman William's abbey. I do not envy the Englishman who can stand on the latter spot without regretting—oblivious, perhaps, of advantages that have accrued—that Harold's bravery availed so little against his powerful assailants. The Roll of Battle Abbey, and an enquiry into the actual descendants of those whose names are recorded thereon, would lead us too far afield.

Christopher Hatton was born at Holdenby in 1540, and he was left an orphan at the age of six by the death of his father. Little is known of his early life until he entered as a gentleman commoner at Oxford when about sixteen years of age.

It may be remarked that the writer, with a view to visiting the places associated with Sir Christopher Hatton, first went to Holdenby. It is said that the chimneys are the only parts of the old mansion forming part of the new, but the visitor will at once be struck with the similarity of the chimneys of Holmby House and those of Kirby Hall, to which reference will shortly be made.

The leisurely traveller, on reaching Althorp Station, should find time to visit Brington, one of the homes of the Washington family, as well as Holdenby Church, where he will notice the epitaphs of the Hattons, some of them in Latin.*

Time will not permit of a lengthy reference to Charles the First's stay at Holmby House, nor to the manner of his removal thence under the direction of Cornet Joyce.

* These, together with some views of the Basilica Church, at Brixworth, and also of Kirby Hall, to reach which Brixworth has to be passed, were shown on a screen during the reading of the paper.



HERBERT EVANS, PHOTO., KETTERING.

The ruins of the noble mansion, Kirby Hall, should be seen by all interested in the subject under consideration. Its vast proportions and beautiful architecture enable one to judge a little of the former beauties of Holmby, the arches of which, bearing the date 1583, can still be seen from the railway opposite to Althorp House. The architect of Kirby Hall was John Thorp, but it is difficult to ascertain exactly how much of the design was carried out for Sir Christopher Hatton, as the Stafford family were also interested in the structure. The mansion is situated in a secluded spot of what formed the great forest of Rockingham, one of the hunting resorts of King John. One of the Lords Hatton was ranger of the forest, and he was the father of the Christopher Hatton of the ballad to which I am about to refer.

The ballroom, Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, and the beautiful door-way known as Queen Elizabeth's door-way, leading to the delightful grounds, are still shown at Kirby Hall.

Any reference to a forest of the size and importance of that of Rockingham would be incomplete without some notice of its legendary lore.

"With the second in descent from the Lord of Hatton, who was Controller of the Household to Charles I," says Mr. Alfred T. Story,* "the family titles became extinct, and the estates passed to a collateral branch."

The previous holder was the "Kit Hatton" of the ballad written by the Earl of Winchelsea, "The Heir of the Hattons." The abbreviation Kit, for Christopher, is seen in the case of the Kit-Cat club in London—to which Addison and Steele belonged—so called from a Christopher Cat, a pastry cook, who served the club with mutton pies. My informant herein, the editor of the *Imperial*

* *Historical Legends of Northamptonshire.*

Dictionary, casts no reflection upon the contents of the said pies.

This Christopher Hatton was riding at night on affairs of State in the days of "Old Noll," when he was warned by the "weird woman of Rockingham," of his impending fate. Having access only to fragments of the ballad, I must ask you to bear with a somewhat curtailed set of quotations from it. The witch's warning was to this effect:—

Kit Hatton! Kit Hatton!
 I rede* ye beware
 Of the flash from the cloud
 And the flight through the air!
 When the stars of thy destiny
 Loom in the sky,
 To others unclouded, but
 Red to thine eye,
 Though men see no sign in
 The threatening air—
 Kit Hatton! Kit Hatton!
 I rede ye beware!

We can forgive a witch much who retains for us even a fragment of Anglo-Saxon so little changed.

Avaunt thee, false witch
 Then, the cavalier said,
 By the soul of this kingdom
 That lacketh a head,
 The green of old Gretton
 To-morrow shall see
 How we deal in this forest
 With prophets like thee!
 For the stake and the faggot
 Of green-wood prepare!
 Kit Hatton! Kit Hatton!
 I rede ye beware!

The sad fatality to which the soothsayer is supposed to

* Anglo-Saxon *raedan*.

have referred happened long afterwards, and by many a Gretton fireside, the aged negro James Chappel by name, related his heroic exploits to the simple rustics and doubtless many others in the Rockingham forest.

Christopher, second Lord and first Viscount Hatton, was appointed to the governorship of the island of Guernsey by Charles II, in succession to his father, as a reward for his services in the royal cause.

And there many seasons,
Both early and late,
In good Castle Cornet
He governed the state.

During the Civil War, the Castle sustained a long siege, and although it was twice assaulted by the Parliament forces, remained untaken until hunger compelled submission.

Towards the end of 1672, or as some assert, on New Year's Day, 1673, a great storm accompanied by thunder and lightning arose. The powder magazine was struck and blown up, and Lord Hatton was thrown upon the battlements of the wall. On his returning to consciousness, his solicitude for his family was paramount. He was rescued by the negro Chappel, but the Dowager Lady Hatton was killed; her two daughters were unhurt, although a beam fell between them. Lady Hatton, wife of the Governor, and daughter of the Earl of Thanet, lost her life under circumstances of the greatest sadness.

And at last on her knees,
With her wrapping gown on,
They found the poor lady,
But she, too, was gone.

Anne Hatton, a child of three, was found "asleep and unimpaired" beneath a beam that had fallen askew, and her infant sister was found unhurt in the arms of her

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

dead nurse. Anne Hatton, just mentioned, afterwards became the Countess of Nottingham.

James Chappel was rewarded with a life-pension, and lived to talk of his heroism for fifty years in the village of Gretton.

John Hatton left a son, William, who died unmarried in 1762, when the titles became extinct. The Earl concludes his ballad thus :—

Now of good Castle Cornet
I've told you the tale
Of the witch and the warning,
The thunder and hail;
Of the flash from the cloud,
And the flight through the air,
And the red star that bade
The Lord Hatton beware.
And I presently challenge
The scribes of the nation
To furnish in fiction
A stranger narration.
There's a moral beside—
Had the beam fallen flat,
Or Miss Anne not possessed
More life than a cat,
Then I that have fashioned
This marvellous lay
Of the gallant Lord Hatton
Had never seen day;
And the public had lost
Some amusement and wit.
And as rattling a ballad
As ever was writ.

A day of fasting and prayer was held by the Court fifteen days after the catastrophe, so great was the effect produced.

Readers of the able productions of Thomas Wright, Principal of the Cowper School, Olney, who has told us so

much about Cowper, will not be wanting in knowledge regarding witchcraft. He refers to Harrison Ainsworth's writings on the subject of Lancashire beliefs — with which at the present time we need not trouble ourselves.

Witches have not ceased to bewitch in Lancashire, but I have never been able to assure myself that elaborate precautions have been customary in order to insure immunity from their bewitchments. Did not the gallant Henry of Monmouth say to Princess Katherine "You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate."?

On the execution of Elinor Shaw, in the neighbourhood of Northampton, for witchcraft, soon after the accession of Queen Anne I must not stay to enlarge. Let it suffice to say that she was the last person to suffer the penalty of death for that form of misdemeanour in England. The burning took place at the beginning of the eighteenth century, very near to the spot where William Carey afterwards kept his little school, and on the road which he traversed to reach Kettering, where, in 1792, he was instrumental in inaugurating one of our missionary societies.

It is computed that 30,000 of these wretched beings, accused of entering into a compact with the devil, and so supposed to obtain supernatural power, have suffered at the stake in England alone.

I am not unaware that cattle are bewitched to this day in the West Country, according to the rustics, but the so-called witches are not burnt, if otherwise they are ill-treated.

Hatton left the University without a degree, and became a member of the Inner Temple on May 26th, 1560, at which date he must have been in possession of his estates, as he was described as of Holdenby in North-

amptonshire. There is no evidence to show that he was called to the bar.

Sir Harry Nicholas, to whom I am indebted for these statements, says that he was eligible to be called within five, if not three years after his admission as a student. There is no register of "calls" before 1567. He never was a reader or bencher of his Inn.

Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, gives young Hatton rather a bad character. He is incautious enough to record that his great liking for dancing caused his father much concern; but as his father died some nine years before he went to Oxford, the statement cannot be taken as substantiated. Whether this proficiency in the saltatory art served him in better stead than a bachelor's degree would have done, must for the present remain *sub judice*. The careers of many who have left college without a degree would afford an interesting subject for a paper. Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, generally gets credit for the possession of a degree in medicine, but unless the custom, common in Vienna, and also, as I can testify, in the Netherlands, of calling students of a certain year bachelors of medicine accounts for this assumption, I do not know whence he obtained it.

In 1561 the Inner Temple celebrated Christmas by a splendid masque, in which Christopher Hatton took the part of "Master of the Game." Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, filled the rôle of Constable and Marshall, but whether on this or a subsequent occasion he attracted the Queen's attention is not known.

Camden relates that Hatton, being young and of a comely tallness of body and countenance, got into such favour with the Queen that she took him into her band of fifty Gentlemen-pensioners. Thus early he is said to have been in some pecuniary difficulty, from which a loan from

the Queen extricated him. Later in life he is reported to have discovered that a royal money-lender may be as exacting as a less exalted usurer.

Camden further tells us that he owed the promotion which speedily followed, viz.—to the situation of Gentleman of the Privy Chamber—to the “modest sweetness of his manners.”

On the 30th June, 1564, the master of the armoury was commanded “to cause to be made one armour complete, fit for the body of our well-beloved servant, Christopher Hatton, one of our Gentlemen-pensioners, he paying according to the just value thereof.”

In 1568 he was one of the gentlemen of the Inner Temple who wrote a tragedy called “Tancred and Gismond,” which was acted before the Queen. His contribution was the fourth act. It was printed in 1592.

It would ill become me to quote much of this production, but the following lines afford a glimpse of the writer's quality.

Let not
Her face, wherein there is as clear a light
As in the rising moon, let not her cheeks
As red as is the party-coloured rose,
Be paled with the news hereof; and so
I yield myself, my silly soul and all,
To him, for her for whom my death shall show
I liv'd; and as I liv'd I dy'd, her thrall.

ACT iv. Scene 4.

I must not speak of this production as though Robert Wilmot's edition, which in but poor preservation is worth ten guineas, and I were close companions. That Boccacio's *Il Decamerone* should have formed the basis of a play presented to the Queen, throws some light on the state of society in her day, as much would be unquotable to a modern audience. It is not thought that Hatton

would go to the original for his inspiration, but rather to Paynter's collection, or to Wynkyn de Worde's 1532 printing of the ballad.

Garrick's copy of the Wilmot edition is in the British Museum. That this tragedy compares unfavourably with Dryden's exquisite poem of "*Sigismonda and Guiscardo*," I must ask you to believe, but I am quite unable to adequately present the reasons for such a conclusion.

In April 1568, the Queen, under circumstances we need not enumerate, granted Hatton a lease of the manor of Holdenby for forty years. That Elizabeth's parsimony should have been set aside in favour of Hatton excited some ill-feeling, and Leicester suggested the introduction of a dancing master to see how it would fare with him. Hatton was appointed in 1568 Keeper of Eltham, and he became a J.P. for Northamptonshire. In February 1570 he obtained the reversion of the office of Queen's Remembrancer in the Exchequer. In April 1571 he was returned to Parliament for Higham Ferrers. In 1572 he presented the Queen with a New Year's gift, elaborately jewelled. The Queen's return gift on such occasions took the form of silver gilt plate, and Hatton on some occasions received as much as 400 ounces of such plate.

Grants of land and other possessions were made to him in 1572, and these enriched him on the one hand, and made him the object of envy on the other; but it is recorded to his credit that he had more friends and fewer enemies than any other Royal favourite.

About this time the Duke of Norfolk was condemned for high treason, but his greatest crime was a design to marry Mary Queen of Scots. In a letter to his son, he says: "Mr. Hatton is a marvellous constant friend, and one that I have been much beholden unto. Write unto

him and seek his good will, and I believe you shall find him assured."

This unfairly criticised man was for many years—according to Sir Harry Nicholas—what is now termed the leader of the House of Commons. If he did not adorn the woolsack to which he was unexpectedly raised, he had the good sense to consult eminent lawyers in cases of magnitude, and he obtained the respect of the public by the equity and impartiality of his decisions. He took no bribe, unlike many of his contemporaries, and he dismissed his old secretary because he had taken some small fees from persons who had solicited his master's favour. He was the constant resource of the unfortunate. He knew no distinction of religion, "in whose cause," he said, "neither searing nor cutting was to be used."

He was the frequent intercessor in cases of persecution, the patron and friend of literary men. "His heart was amiable, his temper mild, and his judgment less biassed by the prejudices of his age than that of most of his contemporaries."

In the year 1574 Hatton applied to the Bishop of Ely for the lease of the episcopal house in Ely Place, Holborn. The Bishop protested, and the Queen reprimanded him:—

Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your Agreement, but I would have you know that I who made you what you are can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement I will immediately unfrock you.

ELIZABETH.

About this time the Queen afforded Hatton some relief as to his pecuniary difficulties, and, in 1575, she settled £400 a year upon him for life, and soon after gave him Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, and other lands.

Hatton's efforts as a peace-maker may be referred to in the case of Mr. Peter Wentworth, M P. for Tregony. He

felt it his duty to criticise certain acts of the Crown ; this meant in that day that he spoke "unrevered and undutiful words of the Queen." The offender was sent to the Tower, but Hatton three days after was the bearer of a gracious message remitting her Majesty's "justly occasioned displeasure," although it was he who moved his commitment.

On November 11th, 1577, Hatton was made Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's household, and sworn of the Privy Council. Soon after this he was knighted, and it is said that knighthood was in that day equal to a peerage of to-day.

In 1579, Hatton took part in the suppression of some riots near London. On the 4th of May were arraigned at Barnet, in Hertfordshire, certain men of Northall Mines, "for pulling down a pale at Northall late set up (on the common ground) by the Earl of Warwick." Eight of them were condemned; two were brent in the hand; two were hanged betwixt Barnet and Whetstone; and the other four condemned remained prisoners in Hertford Gaol long after. On one occasion the Earl of Lincoln, Simier the French Ambassador, and Hatton were in the Queen's barge on the Thames, when a shot was fired and struck one of the rowers. The Queen gave her scarf to bind up the wound, encouraged the sufferer, and when it was hinted that the shot was fired at her, or Simier, she said: "She could believe nothing of her people which parents would not believe of their children," and although the author of the accident was condemned and brought out for execution he was pardoned. In 1588, after the Earl of Leicester's death, Hatton became High Steward of Cambridge, in which University he had taken much interest. Hatton was the only person in the Court who showed any compassion for one of the Derby family during a memorable episode which, however, cannot be further referred to.

Some attention must be paid to Hatton's action in the matter of Mary Queen of Scots. Rising in his place in the House of Commons, and detailing the plots which he alleged to be concocted against Elizabeth and the Protestant faith, he moved "that besides the rendering of our most humble and loyal thanks unto her Highness, we do, being now assembled, forthwith join our hearts and minds together in most humble and earnest prayer unto Almighty God for the long continuance of the most prosperous preservation of her Majesty, with most due and thankful acknowledgment of His infinite benefits and blessings poured upon this realm through the mediation of her Highness' ministry under Him."

This was carried, and he then passed through the House of Commons the Bill under which Mary was to be tried. He was named as one of the judges for the trial. It is stated that all this time he was privately corresponding with Queen Elizabeth. Hatton proceeded to Fotheringay, and he induced Mary "to lay aside the bootless privilege of royal dignity, to appear in judgment, and to show her innocency, lest by avoiding trial she might draw upon herself suspicion, and lay before her reputation an eternal blot and aspersion."

He left the conduct of the trial to Burleigh and the other counsel for the Crown, but when judgment had been given, he delivered a violent speech urging the House to petition that it might be immediately carried out. In this speech he explained at great length the practices and attempts caused and procured by the Queen of Scots, tending to the overthrow of the true and sincere religion established in this realm, yea and withal (which his heart quaked and trembled to utter and think on) the death and destruction of the Queen's most sacred person, to the utter desolation of this most noble realm of England. He

therefore thought it good for his part, that speedy consultation be had by this House for the cutting off this great delinquent by due course of justice; concluding with these words—“*Ne pereat Israel, pereat Absolom.*” He afterwards brought to the House this message: “that her Highness, moved by some commiseration for the Scottish Queen in respect of her former dignity and great fortunes in her younger years, her nearness of kindred to her Majesty, and also of her sex, could be well pleased to forbear taking of her blood, if by any other means, to be devised by the great council of the realm, the safety of her Majesty’s person and government might otherwise be preserved. But herein she left them, nevertheless, to their own free liberty and disposition.”

His resolution to the following effect was carried unanimously: “that no other way, device, or means whatsoever could or can possibly be found or imagined that such safety can in anywise be had, so long as the said Queen of Scots doth or shall live.” It did not take long to get the death warrant sent off to be executed. Elizabeth’s assumed indignation upset no one but her secretary, Davidson, who was made the scapegoat, the rest were speedily pardoned, and the vice-chamberlain gained additional favour. Balls and masques were resumed, and Hatton’s accomplishments stood him in good stead. And now the visitor to Fotheringay will find hardly a trace of the prison of the unfortunate Queen, as it is said, but without good authority, that her son would not allow one stone to remain upon another.

Well might the unfortunate Queen exclaim after the battle of Langside, while pointing to the dying Douglas, “Look on these features, look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot farther to save her wretched life.”

She found solace in the words said to have been found in her Prayer Book—

“O Domine Deus!
Speravi in Te:
O care mi Jesu!
Nunc libera me.
In dura catena
In misera poena,
Desidero Te.
Languendo, gemendo
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Tu liberares me.”

Directly after this event Lord Chancellor Bromley died, and the great seal was at the Queen's disposal. Elizabeth conveyed it to Hatton with her own hand, and made him Lord Chancellor of England. I am not competent to discuss the easy way in which those about Hatton took occasion to congratulate him. Their flattering eulogy was to the effect that equity was the all important attribute to that court, and that justice would be done better than by observing the strict rules of law. But at Westminster Hall and the Inns of Court “the gownsmen, grudging hereat, conceived his advancement their injury, that one not thoroughly bred to the laws should be preferred to the place, they said, how could he cure diseases unacquainted with their causes, who might easily mistake the justice of the common law for rigour—not knowing the true reason thereof?”

In vain sergeants and apprentices refused to plead before the new chancellor. He was determined to brave the storm, and Elizabeth and her ministers supported him.

Not since the days of Wolsey had such a procession wended its way to Westminster as that which journeyed

thither on May the 3rd, 1587, on the first day of Trinity Term. First went forty gentlemen of the Chancellor's household all in the same livery, with chains of gold about their necks. Then came gentlemen and pensioners of the Queen's court; then the Masters in Chancery and the officers of the court; next rode the Lord Chancellor on a palfrey richly caparisoned, Lord Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, being on his right hand, and the Earl of Leicester on his left. These were followed by many of the nobility, riding two and two, and after them came judges, sergeants and apprentices, and last of all knights and their retinue. He was received in the Court of Chancery with silent disdain. The Attorney-general and Solicitor-general, though discontented, had to appear to countenance him. His great courtesy and sweetness, to say nothing of good dinners and excellent sack, enabled him to gradually gain ground. Such crowds came to the Court of Chancery to see the dancing Chancellor, that many were refused admission. His previous duties as a Privy Councillor had made him familiar with the Star Chamber. He dedicated Wednesdays and Fridays to the Court, and on the other days attended at Westminster in the mornings, and at his own house in the afternoons. He took care that four Masters in Chancery should sit with him at Court, and two at his own house. Proceeding with great caution he, with the help of Sir Richard Swale, a D.C.L., and a Master in Chancery, and well-skilled in all the practice of the Court, got on very well. It is said of him that he made up for his want of law by his constant desire to do what was just, yet we read of blunders and injustice notwithstanding his care, and it may not mean much that but few of his decisions were upset.

In 1588 the invincible Armada hove in sight. The

Chancellor attended Her Majesty at Tilbury, and was ready, had occasion required, to fight by her side. Hatton's speech, on the assembling of Parliament after the overthrow of the Armada, eloquently detailed the course of events. He ends his speech with these words: "Behold the great cause of summoning this Parliament, that in this full assembly of the wisest and most prudent persons of this kingdom, a diligent preparation may be made that forces arms and money may be in readiness; and that our navy, our greatest bulwark, may be repaired, manned and filled out for our protection and safeguard." Campbell says, "I must say that this speech of the 'dancing Chancellor' is in better taste than any performance of his predecessors, either ecclesiastical or legal."

About this time he wrote: "The use of the higher house is not to meddle with any Bill until there be some presented from the Commons; and so, by reason thereof, the first part of the sitting should be spent idly or to small purpose. I thought fit to inform myself what Bills there were remaining since the last Parliament of which the Lords had good liking, but could not be passed by reason of want of time, and those I meant to offer to their lordships till such time as there came some from the Lower House."

Not even Hatton could be in two places at once, and while he was attending to the duties of his high office, Leicester displaced him in the Queen's affections. It was proposed to make Leicester "Lord Lieutenant of England and Ireland"; but Hatton and Burleigh contrived to keep him out of this appointment, and then chagrin, passion, or possibly natural causes led to Leicester's withdrawal from the scene. Essex, not Hatton, took his place in Elizabeth's regard until he got tired of "the old woman," as he called her. Then Raleigh became "Captain of her

band of Gentlemen Pensioners." Charles Blount too became a favourite. These younger men set themselves to annoy Hatton; and Elizabeth, either on her own initiative or in response to their suggestions, pressed Hatton for certain accumulating debts. He complained that even if he did occupy a lucrative post the ancient fees were inadequate. He did not ask that the debt should be forgiven, but that time should be allowed. She directed her Attorney-general and Solicitor-general to proceed against him, and his goods and lands might have been seized, and he might have been imprisoned as he was preceded against "on his bond." However able or otherwise his estate may have been to bear these charges on it, his physical condition was undermined and gave way. He lost his good looks, and in Trinity Term, 1591, he was observed to be much out of health. By Michaelmas he had taken to his bed. It was too late for Elizabeth then to urge him to live for her sake. Neither her cordials nor her cordiality revived him. Campbell attributes the saying to Hatton, but it was really Fuller who said: "No pulleys can draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereto." He died on November the 21st, 1591, in his 52nd year.

His Treatise concerning Acts of Parliament and the exposition thereof is not highly spoken of by Campbell; that his decrees were not reversed may not be a valid reason for applauding them, if, as is stated, there was no appeal to the House of Lords in equity suits till the reign of Charles II.

A word as to equity.—equity may be said to be the golden rule put into practice. It construes positive laws not according to their strict letter. The Court of Chancery used to be the especial Court of Equity, but the Judicature Act of 1873 gave large power to all divisions of the

Supreme Court to administer equity. "Equity is a roguish thing: for law, we have a measure, know what to trust to: equity is according to the conscience of him who is Chancellor, and, as that is larger or narrower, so is equity."—Selden. *

Hatton was courteous and good humoured. On one occasion, when there was a case before him dealing with boundaries of an estate, one counsel said, "We lie on this side, my Lord." And the counsel on the other side said, "And we lie on this side." Whereupon Lord Chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides whom will you have me to believe?" I do not wish to disparage my hero's wit, but he cannot compete with Sir H. Wotton who said that "an Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the Commonwealth." There are many quotable sentences in Hatton's address on the elevation of Mr. Clerke to the dignity of a Sergeant. "Be a father to the poor." "Be careful to relieve all men afflicted." "Be free from cawtell (subtlety)." "Mix with the exercise of the lawe no manner of decepte." "Maynteyne your cliente's cause in all right." "Be not parciall to yourself." "Regard neither friend nor enemy."

Attending his nephew's marriage it is said that he threw his official robes on the floor, saying, "lie there Mr. Chancellor," and danced the measures at the wedding feast. In 1588, he became Chancellor of Oxford University. He screened from persecution both Romanists and Puritans, and it is well-known that a Puritan fanatic tried to murder him but shot someone else instead. In 1576, the Queen dined with Hatton at Eltham. It is of interest to read that he entertained the Queen at Stoke Pogis, and that there he did not forget to dance.

* *Imperial Dictionary.*

Grey wrote of him :—

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.
Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters oe'r him,
My brave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seal and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Sir Christopher, who was not married, left his property to his nephew, the son of his sister and Sir William Newport. The nephew took the name of Hatton. He married the daughter of the first Lord Exeter. She was the famous Lady Hatton, who married for her second husband Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

With the reminder that John Hatton, of Gravesend, was the ancestor of the Earls of Winchelsea, I bring my indebtedness to Campbell's *Lives* to a close—but this book owes much, as I do, to Sir H. Nicholas's work.

I have not allowed myself to stray into the tempting by-ways of heraldry, but the noble family just referred to—and from the head of which I received a very kind letter—are proud to quarter with their coat azure, a chevron between three griffins passant segreant sable for Finch, the Hatton arms of azure, a chevron between three garbs or. A garb in heraldry is a sheaf of wheat. This will remind you, if you are as familiar as I am with agriculture, of a pitchfork. Hatton may have been pitchforked into his high position, but I venture to submit that a pitchfork is useless unless a sheaf be ready to hand, which was the case in the instance before us.

Queen Elizabeth had a peculiar name for most of her ministers and favourites. Burleigh was her spirit; Walsingham her moon; Lady Norris was her crow; Leicester was probably her Turk; and Hatton was her lyddes and mutton. Her pet name for Alençon was frog, a mnemonic not more difficult to remember than Simier's nick-name, ape.

Elizabeth also called Hatton her sheep, in accordance with her usual nick-naming custom. The hind statant as I have seen it drawn is not unlike a shorn sheep. The heraldic term *or* suggests a golden fleece, but now we are getting out of heraldry and are tempted to remark, that if Elizabeth did thus deck out her favourite, she did not succeed in unfrocking him as she threatened to do the bishop.

Any account of the love affairs of Queen Elizabeth would be incomplete without some reference to her attitude towards François de Valois Duke of Alençon, and the part played by the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici. This energetic woman not only carried out the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but was ready to sacrifice another son upon the hymeneal altar, if for any reason one proved unsuitable. Elizabeth also occupied some of her spare moments in leading Austria's heir to think seriously of her, but these matters would take a longer time than that at our disposal. All of these suitors, and many others, were undoubtedly struck by her beauty, although the paintings of the Queen which I saw at the great Stuart Exhibition at Peterborough long ago afforded little evidence of it.

Nothing offended her Majesty so much as to have it suggested that any attraction other than that valuable asset weighed with her admirers.

It would have been interesting to have enquired into

the part played by Simier the Frenchman, and to have seen how he himself became attached to the Queen, but it must suffice for me to read these words of Sir Philip Sidney in regard to the proposed Alençon match:—

“These” (the Protestants), said Sidney—“how will their hearts be galled, if not alienated, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist, in whom, howsoever fine wits may find further dealings or painted excuses, the very common people well know this: that he is the son of a Jezebel of our age; that his brother made oblation of his sister’s marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethren in belief. That he himself, contrary to his promise and all gratefulness, having his liberty and principal estate by the Huguenot’s means, did sack La Charité and utterly spoil them with fire and sword! This I say, even at first sight gives occasion to all truly religious to abhor such a master, and consequently to diminish much of the hopeful love they long held to you.”

Protesting against the French marriage, John Stubbs wrote “The Discovery of a Gaping Gulph, wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage if the Lord forbid not the banns by letting her Majesty see the sin and the punishment thereof.”

A proclamation appeared, the book was commanded to be burnt under an Act passed in the reign of Philip and Mary “against seditious words and rumours.” The publisher and printer were condemned to lose their right hands. The printer was pardoned, but Stubbs and Paget, the publisher, both underwent the barbarous punishment in the market place of Westminster on November the 3rd, 1579. Their right hands were cut off with a cleaver driven through the wrists with the force of a beetle. As soon as the operation was over Stubbs took off his hat with his remaining hand and exclaimed with a loud voice, “God save the Queen.” Hatton took part in Stubbs’s prosecution, but he interceded with the Queen for his release from further persecution.

The death of François de Valois, Duke of Anjou and Alençon, removed from the scene the last serious suitor for the Queen's hand in marriage; and his passing bell rang down the curtain upon the longest and most eventful comedy in the history of England.*

It is almost unnecessary to inquire into the truth of the allegations against Elizabeth. These have been gone into in the case of an alleged son of Dudley, and the evidence would, I think, lead to the Queen's acquittal in any Court of Justice.

I have thus glanced at the life and times of Lord Chancellor Hatton. I think I have said enough of his character, and that you will agree that however he attained his high position, whether by leaps and bounds, or by merit, he was a remarkable man. He was buried on December the 10th, 1591, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Three hundred Lords of the Council, Nobles and Knights, attended by the Queen's order. Her band of Gentlemen Pensioners which he had commanded guarded the procession. A monument was erected to his memory.

Last autumn I enquired at St. Paul's Cathedral for the site of this monument, having taken lunch, as became a member of this society, at Dr. Johnson's resort, the Mitre. I at last found a guide, who took me into the crypt, past the mighty dead—Wellington and Nelson—to the place near which the monument had stood. A few fragments of other monuments have survived the fire of London, but no vestige of Hatton's is known to remain. Wren refused to build on other foundations, so nothing was left.

Holdenby Arches, Kirby Hall, and some monuments at Gretton remain, but Hatton's own monument only survives in Dugdale's book.

I bring my wanderings to a close by reading a few lines

* *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth*, Martin Hume, p. 323.

from Spenser concerning him, and also the lines on the monument.

If I have wearied you I am more than sorry, but, at least, I shall have spared you the trouble of journeying to St. Paul's Cathedral to see what is not there.

SPENSER'S TRIBUTE TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Those prudent heads that with their counsels wise
 Whilom the pillars of th' earth did sustain;
 And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
 And in the neck of all the world to reign,
 Oft from these grave affairs were wont t' abstain,
 With the sweet Lady-Muses for to play.
 So Ennius the Elder Africain;
 So Maro oft did Cæsar's cares allay.
 So, you, great Lord! that with your Counsel sway
 The burden of this Kingdom mightily;
 With like delights sometimes may eke delay
 The rugged brow of careful policy;
 And to these idle rhymes lend little space,
 Which for their title's sake* may find more grace.

From DUGDALE'S St. Paul's Cathedral.

In tabula quadam columnæ, juxta hujusmodi Monumentum affixa.

Stay and behold the mirror of a Dead Man's House,
 Whose lively Person would have made thee stay and wonder.
 Look, and withall learn to know how to live and die renowned
 For never can clean life and famous Herses sunder.
 Hatton lies here, unto whose name Hugh Lupus gave.
 (Lupus the sister's sonne of William Conquerour)
 For Nigel his dear servant's sake worship and laud:
 Lo there the spring: look here the honour of his ancestry.
 When nature moulded him her thoughts were most on Mars!
 And all the Heavens to make him goodly were agreeing.
 Thence was he valiant, active, strong and passing comely

* *The Faery Queen.*



JAMES SMITH, PHOTO., WAVERTREE.

And God did grace his mind and spirit with gifts excelleng.
 Nature commends her workmanship to Fortune's charge
 Fortune presents him to the Court and Queen,
 Queen Eliz. (O God's dear handmaid) his most miracle;
 Now hearken, Reader—rarietie not heard or seen—
 This blessed Queen, mirror of all that Albion rul'd,
 Gave Favour to his faith and precepts to his hopeful time:
 First trained him in the stately band of Pensioners.
 Behold how humble hearts make easie steps to clime,
 High carriage, honest life, heart ever loyall,
 Diligence, delight in duty God did reward.
 So did this worthy Queen in her thoughts of him,
 And for her safety made him Captain of the Guard.
 Now doth she prune this vine and from her sacred heart,
 Lessons his life, makes wise his heart for her great Councell.
 And so Vice-Chamberlain where foreign princes' ey's
 Might well admire her choyce wherein she most excels.
 So sweetly tempered was his soul with vertuous balme.
 Religious, just to God and Cæsar in each thing
 That he aspired to the highest subject's seat
 Lord Chancellour (measure and conscience of a holy King).
 Robe, Collar, Garter, dead figures of great Honour
 Alms-deeds with Faith, honest in word, franke in dispence
 The Poor's friend, not popular; the Church's pillar.
 This tombe shows th' one; th' Heavens shrine the other.

*Franciscus Florus ad memoriam heri sui defuncti luctusq, sui
 solatium, Posuit. Anno Domini 1593.*



THE BLACK DEATH OF 1348.

THE great death of 1348, although it has left but a slight trace on the literature of its own or subsequent times, must have seemed in its real presence, to those who passed through it, like the passage perilous of a soul through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or like the ending of the world.

Had a baleful comet involved the globe in a pestilential vapour, destroying half the human race, we can imagine subsequent historians dating from that visitation as an *annus mirabilis*, or wonder year. That they pass it over as lightly as they do, need not, however, lead us to infer that contemporary accounts are mere exaggerations based on insufficient data, for there is enough evidence that what they say is strictly within the truth, but that it was not their fashion to turn aside from the doings of kings and lords to write about affairs which principally concerned the vulgar. What they thought worthy of literature is a matter to us now of comparative indifference, who value

The glories of our blood and state
As shadows, not substantial things.

And I think most of us would willingly barter many a gallant page of Froissart for a homely record of how the burgesses of some old city spent their working hours; what their wives and daughters did by the fireside on long, dark, winter evenings; how the 'prentice lads frolicked along the lanes, when the hawthorn was budding, or the wild roses were abloom. And about this grim death, stalking through

the land, whose very footfall heard afar was enough to send the wealthy citizen speeding hot-foot from the pleasant security of city walls, from the chiming of church bells, or the clatter of the familiar shop and market, to lonely wind-swept moors, with their panic stricken wives and maids and lads,—how cheerfully would we relinquish the long-drawn stories of love-sick Amanda and Corydon, for a page or two as grim, as dark and real as those De Foe has left of another and far milder plague!

The records of the great death that have survived the chances of time are partly medical—very foolish stuff for the most part—partly the casual pages of contemporary writers like Boccaccio, whose imperishable record of the plague as it appeared to him, an eye witness in Florence, he merely gives us as an introduction or pleasant foil for the gay scenes of the *Decameron*.

The great death, like most other plagues, had its birth in the central plains of Asia, whence it travelled by the customary roads of trade to Constantinople, then an important sea port town thronged with craft all too ready to disseminate the virus throughout the sea-board towns of the Mediterranean. Venice, Naples, Marseilles receive the doleful cargo, and become in turn centres of contagion. Naples hands it on to Rome, Florence and Ravenna, till all Italy is involved. Marseilles consigns it to Avignon, at that time the residence of an Anti-Pope, who has left a good record, however, of faithful service during that eventful year. From Avignon the poison travelled by the pilgrim roads, clinging in the cassocks of monks and friars, or riding in the packs of mules with the paraphernalia of abbots and nuns whose business lay in the ecclesiastical courts of the papal city. By such agency, and by the merchants of wool and other itinerant tradesmen, the plague was wafted northwards to Paris, and thence to the

seaports of France bordering the English Channel. Here for a few weeks it stayed, until some fell bark, "rigged in the eclipse," bore it across the channel into Dorsetshire, where it settled down for awhile, spreading very slowly, until it reached Bristol, then an important and prosperous town, whence it marched with rapid, silent footsteps eastward, winning at last to Oxford, and then to London. How many died in the metropolis will never be known, but the number is estimated at 100,000. The plague yards and pits where lie the dead are long forgotten. In Stowe's days their memory had almost passed away. From London the disease spread along the many roads that stretched in every direction outwards to the most remote parts of the country. In Norwich the dead numbered 51,000. A trading vessel carried the infection to Norway, where it worked steadily north through the scattered villages of that solitary land, and south into the populous Netherlands, which had hitherto escaped infection from France owing to the great forests and swamps which protected the frontier. Thence it spread through Germany, where it is said 200,000 perished. Thus it went travelling east through Poland, but its virulence was now dying down; and so to Russia, where it faded out, having accomplished a journey, horse-shoe shaped, through the whole of Europe.

The mortality caused by the plague in country places, in the absence of reliable data, can only be inferred from the deaths in the towns, where a proper census was kept. In some small country places in England, it is asserted by contemporary writers, that not a single inhabitant was left. On the death of John Le Strange at Whitchurch, in Shropshire, on 20th July, 1349, it was officially reported that only 7/- had been received in rent from the entire manor of Broughton, because all the tenants and other inhabi-

tants, except one, had perished in the plague. When Sir John Husee died, 21st June, in the same year, a jury returned 300 acres of land as of no value, all the tenants having been carried off. The total number of victims in Venice is reported as about 100,000. Sienna's death roll was 70,000, and that of Florence 60,000. It is said that the Minorites, or poor friars of Italy, lost 30,000; while the Franciscan order in Germany is said to have lost 124,434 of its brethren. It was reported (says Hecker) to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that the entire loss to the world through this great mortality was 23,840,000, though whether the deaths in China have been included seems doubtful. But of these vague estimates we need not take account, at best they could be little more than guesses.

With regard to the mortality in England and Wales we can form at least a probable estimate. The computation has been made from two distinct sources. At the time of the Norman Conquest, the population has, with great probability, been estimated at 2,150,000. We have to consider what rate of increase we are to allow for the 300 years prior to the Black Death. Amyot thinks the population would have doubled in that period. The Subsidiary Roll of Edward III, in 1377, 29 years after the plague, gives the population as 2,350,000, and this remained about the number until the reign of Henry VII, the natural increase being neutralised by successive plagues, which followed at brief intervals for a long succession of years, and the grievous mortality occasioned by civil war. From this it would appear that the Black Death of 1348 obliterated the natural increase of population during 300 years; that is to say, carried off two and a half millions, or more than half the entire population of the country.

From contemporary medical testimony we learn that the plague was of a bubonic character, like that which recently caused great loss of life in India. After the buboes or glandular swellings had appeared, subsidiary complications usually followed, and death ensued sometimes in a few hours, though more usually in three or four days. The disease also attacked cattle, sheep and pigs. The monks of the Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, report their losses as 257 oxen, 511 cows and 4585 sheep; but some of these losses may have been due to neglect, owing to the death of the herdsmen.

The deaths of the clergy, regular and secular, are recorded in many cases with a fair amount of accuracy. Thus, in the lists of vicars of parish churches, it is quite usual to find several names under the year 1348. In the list of St. Alphege, Canterbury, for example, it appears that there were five vicars in that year. A chance entry in the Patent Roll shows that all the canons of the Augustinian house of Iychurch died of the plague, except one, so that it was impossible to comply with the rules in the election of a new prior. The falling off in the numbers of religious in many of the monasteries is also extremely suggestive. The priory attached to the cathedral church of Winchester, the Arthurian Camelot, in the year 1260, was 62. On 9th October, 1325, 64, showing that the house kept up its numbers; but by 1404 it has sunk to 42; and at the dissolution 30, or only half the earliest recorded number. Take a nunnery in the vicinity, Romsey, in 1333, before the mortality, at an election of an abbess, there were 90 recorded votes. At a similar election in the plague year, only 18 nuns voted, and the house never recovered, for at the dissolution there were only 25. The whole of the brethren in the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, Sandown, perished in the plague. From the

falling off in the number of candidates presented for ordination by the Minorite orders after the plague, it is clear that their losses must have been frightful. In some dioceses there are no candidates, where previously there were 40 or 50. Gasquet has estimated the number of deaths of the clergy, beneficed and unbeneficed, at 25,000, and as the clergy formed about one per cent. of the population during the middle ages, the total loss of life in the country would be about two and a half millions, thus corroborating the figures previously given,

The position of the monasteries was peculiarly favourable to the spread of infection. The monastic surgeon or leech was the general practitioner of the district, living as in community with his fellow monks, with charge of the monk's infirmary, but visiting the sick in all the neighbouring villages. We may well imagine that in the round of duty he would bring back the plague into the common home. The situation of the abbeys, though generally picturesque, was usually in some secluded valley by a river's side. Down in the moist meadows, sheltered from purifying breezes, these beautiful sanctuaries of peace became hot beds of infection. The brethren, bound by rigid rules, could not leave their homes, seeking safety in the open country, for they were under obligation to recite their daily offices in the abbey church. When a brother died of the plague he was buried in the monastic cemetery, or in the cloister garth, not as the victims in cities, who were usually interred in pits outside the walls. The infirmary buildings, again, formed part of the monastery, in close juxtaposition to the choir, and within easy reach of it, so that if a patient were carried there he would not be isolated. If the regular clergy were exposed to infection in these monasteries, the case was still worse with the Begging Friars or Minorites, whose special business it was

to visit the sick and dying. These societies in many instances were reduced to mere shadows.

Imagine the condition of the greater houses, whether regular or monastic, which in the times of their prosperity numbered hundreds of monks, nuns, or friars, reduced by the plague to little handfuls of ten or twenty. Picture them in their vast abbey churches, saying the night hours to the desolate and echoing aisles on windy nights, the feeble voice of praise or prayer drowned in the wild sounds of the night. Think of the spacious frater, the long dark dormitories, the vast and cavernous kitchens, the huge refectory, with its scattered few sitting down at the long oak tables, perhaps five or six "choir brethren," waited on by an aged lay brother or two, while the others, few enough, tended the monastic cattle, or folded the sheep on the windy hills. What was it to the discouraged few left in these monasteries that dying laymen bequeathed vast sums in money and many a noble acre to these scanty communities, to secure masses for their souls, or to avert the terrible scourge from the few of their family that survived? What was it to them now that the brethren who would have shared in these rich endowments fattened the monk's cemetery or mouldered in the cloister garth? Was it at all surprising that the few survivors failed to maintain their ancient rule under such changed conditions? Was it strange that money and land accruing to the depleted house brought in its train sloth and laxity? Such was the effect on the laymen of the time, nobility and gentry; light come, light go, the unexpected inheritance, theirs through sudden death, wasted in revel and wine. So it was in minor measure with the religious houses. Money gained without labour was spent without profit.

It may seem strange that this increase of wealth did not attract more monks and nuns to the religious houses.

But we must remember that the Black Death had thinned the ranks of the class from which most of the religious were drawn, and in doing this had raised the market value of the peasant labourer. Although in theory the determination of religious vocation should not depend on mundane considerations, in point of fact it often does. The farmer who now required the help of all his boys to till his fields would be less willing, when labour was not to be had, to allow his studious lad to seek an asylum in a monastery. The price of labour rose from twopence to fourpence a day, in spite of statutes of labourers. Along with this, however, the cost of provisions doubled. Thus the farmer got better pay when working for the gentleman, and better prices for his corn when working for himself. This enabled him to bargain advantageously with his landlord. He no longer needed the assistance of seed and stock, which under the older leases was usually supplied by the landlord—he could provide these himself. Consequently, from this time the seed and stock leases, which were general before the plague, fell into disuse, and by the close of the century the entire method of land tenure of small farms had changed to the modern lease. While this change was coming about there was concurrently an astonishing fall in rent. With thousands of farms in hand, whose former tenants had perished in the great mortality, the landlord was in no position to bargain with his remaining tenant farmers. They could pick what farms they liked when so many were vacant. In Hampshire, 80 acres of arable, let before the death for two marks, afterwards were let for one mark. Speaking generally, rents fell to half their former value.

The exchequer returns confirm the statement. Landlords with only half their former rent roll refused to pay taxes on the old assessment, consequently the revenue of

the crown, derived from land, sank to half what it had previously been.

But the general complaint of the taxpayer was of the insolence of the labourer in demanding double wages. "How can we pay dues," they said, "when wages are double what they have ever been before?" And here we touch the true reason for the statutes of labourers. The State imposed these acts in self-defence, and to keep up the taxes, not to oblige the gentry. The king blamed the landlord for acceding to the labourer's demands; but he did not realise how impotent the land owner was in face of the fact that half the labour was gone. He did not reflect that the bulk of the farm hands whom he now employed were landless men without allotment, dependent on the wages they earned, and that with provisions at famine prices wages must necessarily be high. There were several statutes of labourers, but none of them had the slightest effect. It was no use imprisoning workers, and so reducing the effective labour of the country; and as for fines, men with no money could not pay them. So the State fell foul of the gentry, and for years mulcted them heavily for contravening the statutes by paying higher than statutory wages. The gentry, however, were forced to pay whatever the labourers demanded, or see their crops perish.

But the demand for more men was still further accentuated by the military needs of the country. Before the plague, Edward III had succeeded in raising 30,000 for the French wars, most of whom were levied in England and Wales. With these he fought and won at Crecy. When the wars were resumed after the plague, the Black Prince could only muster, with the utmost difficulty, 12,000, of whom only 4,000 were troops from home, the rest being foreign mercenaries; and it is to his credit

that with so small and miscellaneous a following he gained the glorious victory of Poitiers.

The same shortness of labour which doubled the agricultural wage brought about a corresponding rise in the wages of artisans. The trade of the country was receiving a great impetus at this time through the protective policy of the Plantagenet kings; and from the period of the Black Death may be dated the expansion of the mediæval guilds from small affairs to huge corporations, controlling practically the entire trade of the country.

By the commencement of the reign of Richard II it was evident to the governing classes that the social centre of gravity was shifting. New classes were arising—yeomen farmers in the country, guildsmen and artisans of all kinds in the towns—good citizens, like Dogberry, with two gowns, and everything handsome about them. That these men should think themselves now of some account in the land was inevitable. And when the State, recognizing in the newly rising element a taxable commodity, proceeded to impose a poll tax, a peasants' rising, supported by a sympathetic upheaval in the towns, was a foregone conclusion. The rebellion under Wat Tyler, and the murder of Archbishop Sudbury, the reputed author of the obnoxious impost, were but echoes of the great mortality. It was amongst these yeomen and these craftsmen, the true founders of the present mighty middle class of Britain, that the Wycliffe preachers won the bulk of their converts, and it is these, and not the gentlemen of England, who are to be regarded as the true pioneers of reformation of religion in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It will be necessary, however, to return to the religious houses. From the blow inflicted by the Black Death the monasteries never rallied. Enriched for awhile by the

gifts of money and lands lavished on them during the general panic, they quickly fell from popular esteem, ceasing to exercise any really beneficial influence on society. Now that they were grown rich in lands but poor in men, their high offices furnished tempting baits to the younger sons and daughters of the aristocracy. Every year the popular element in the monasteries dwindled, while the aristocratic advanced. Even the mendicant orders, whose devotion to the cause of humanity during the plague had won for them wealth and popularity, soon fell away in popular esteem. As their dwellings became more lordly their avarice increased. Vying with each other, each foundation sought to have the noblest buildings. Revenues were forestalled, and estates incumbered in the insane passion for glorious architecture, and many a monk went hungry in a refectory which would have flattered the pride of a king. To extravagance in management, the filching away of property by those in office, and the passion for costly buildings, must be ascribed much of the poverty of the smaller houses at the dissolution. But there was yet another cause, perhaps more potent still, the diversion of the gifts of religious people from the religious houses to the chantries. This was the direct and immediate outcome of the Black Death. If the prayers of the monks did not prevent the scourge of pestilence, at least, so men reasoned, the holy sacrifice offered up in these chantries would benefit the souls of the dead.

The earliest chantry that I have been able to find is the remarkable little mortuary chapel at the north door of Kingsland Church in Herefordshire. The style of architecture, which is late decorated, shews that it was built about the time of the great death. From 1348 onward chantries were endowed in ever increasing numbers. Half

the ancient churches of England have now or once had chantries attached—some endowed, others served by the local clergy.

The most sumptuous and one of the latest is that which bears the title of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

In the general destruction of church property, which took place in the reign of Henry VIII, these chantries, to the number of 2,374, disappeared, together with the accumulated funds of the trades guilds, which were confiscated also, although these funds were primarily intended for the relief of poor and decayed members, on the ground that all these guilds were founded with a religious intent, and included in their objects the offering of masses for the dead. No one regretted the disappearance of the chantry priest. His conduct was not irreproachable at the best of times. He had too little to do to keep him out of mischief, and was too poorly paid to be recruited from any but the peasant rank. Chaucer doubtless speaks the mind of the people when he contrasts these mass priests with the parochial clergy in his description of the good parson—

Who never went a cogging at St. Paul's
To get himself a chantry for souls,
But stayed at home and guarded well his fold.

The total number of religious houses suppressed at the dissolution was 608, the net income from which amounted to £141,000, which in money of our day would be equivalent to about one million sterling. Only 8,000 monks and nuns were found in these houses, and of them only 4,000 received pensions, the rest being lay-brethren and sisters of the servant type, who probably went with the land to new owners, or found situations for themselves without becoming a charge on the royal exchequer. The pensions granted to religious were exceedingly small, and

grudgingly given. To lighten the cost to the crown, the male religious were promoted as rapidly as possible to church livings. Thus ecclesiastical revenues were exploited, not only by wholesale confiscation, but by standing charges which ought to have been borne by the State.

King Henry benefitted nothing whatever from the confiscation. The lands he sold cheaply to court parasites. The costly jewels and other treasures seized from the dismantled shrines disappeared like fairy gold. So long as the monasteries survived they paid a handsome revenue to the Crown, but when their revenues had been dissipated among the rapacious gentry, estates were speedily broken up, passed from hand to hand over the dice box and the card table, where the tax-gatherer could not follow. The result on the royal exchequer was immediately apparent. The revenue fell into such low estate that the year following the suppression, the Crown was obliged to obtain from the Commons a great subsidy, and this not being sufficient, the money of the realm was debased, and a further benevolence forced from reluctant subjects. The King had, in fact, killed the goose that had for centuries laid golden eggs.

Thus we have traced the dissolution of the monasteries and the suppression of the chantries to the depletion of the former and the growing abuse of the latter. Had it not been for the Black Death, the monasteries might have continued in their pristine vigour as great educational establishments, the abodes of learning, and the nurseries of the arts. To continue those great establishments for a mere handful of idle people was absurd. In all, as we have seen, 608 houses were suppressed, the ancient homes of some 4,000 choir monks and nuns; this works out six-and-a-half inmates per house. To wait on

these were six-and-a-half lay-religious, or servants, and to maintain them the revenue from land might possibly amount to £50 per head for the servants, and £200 for the religious, the money being calculated at its present value.

Out of this revenue, the abbot, prior, or prioress, had to keep up an enormous house and church. The position was absurd, half the foundations were on the border line of bankruptcy, struggling under an ever-increasing incubus of debt, and so continued.

But with the disappearance of the monasteries vanished the ancient ways of relieving the poor. The acts of Queen Elizabeth's reign, that created the parochial system of relief, which has survived under many modifications to our own day, and is now, and has been for many years, a grievous burden on the country, may, therefore, be traced backward to the great mortality. Some people have maintained that the revenues of the dissolved religious houses would have sufficed to meet even the present demand of the poor laws; but that is an extravagant estimate. The revenues dissipated among the scheming courtiers of Henry VIII, reckoned at the present value of the land, would only pay about a penny in the shilling of our present poor rate.

The immediate effect of the Black Death on the morality of Europe was disastrous. Everywhere the bonds of society were loosened, and the respect for law diminished. Money passed suddenly into hands unaccustomed to its use, and was spent in dissipation. No sooner had the plague subsided but a reaction set in. Relaxation of public morality seems to form the aftermath of every great mortality. Subsequent to the plague of 1665, the morals of the whole of England underwent a change for the worse, and during the entire reign of Charles II remained at a low ebb.

Boccaccio speaks with no uncertain voice about the plague in Italy, and contemporary evidence is abundant that the laxity of morals was universal and of long continuance. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," became the maxim of the age; even serious-minded people turned despondingly from the thought of a holy life to that of a godly death. The sermons of the time indicate the tendency. Chaucer, in many familiar passages, shows the turn the great death had given to popular religion. The question in everybody's mind seems to have been how best to make one's exit from a brief and uncertain life by an edifying death? Nor did the tardy dawning of the Reformation divert mens' minds from this gloomy outlook. The gross abuse of masses for the dead only served to point the reformers to a more excellent way. With the rise of Puritanism, we find the same view substantially maintained; still, it is how best to die, not how best to live, as we shall see when we consider the influence of the Black Death upon English literature.

To this memorable period must be traced that morbid craving for gruesome pictures, which gave rise to those curious processions called dances of death, in which you see figured a lively skeleton carrying away emperors, kings and queens, popes and priests, abbots, monks, nuns, rich merchants, warriors bold, harlots and drunkards, gamblers and thieves, young and old, rich and poor, wise professors with their books, and beggars with their rags, in one promiscuous hurly burly. And from this time, too, may be dated those ghastly pictures of the day of doom still surviving in many of our more ancient churches, where you see on the right hand of the throne the assembly of angels and saints, and on the left industrious fiends driving evil-doers into the blazing mouth of hell. Noticeable, also, is the change which took place

in the method of sepulchre after the plague. In early days, only the bodies of ecclesiasties or members of the highest nobility were interred within the sacred walls of the church, but from the time of the Black Death an alteration takes place; the churchyard is no longer safe enough or holy enough. First, we find the exterior walls of the church cut out in niches to accommodate recumbent figures of the dead; then the inside walls; and later still, monuments protrude themselves into the chancel, nave, and aisles.

At Rodney Stoke, in Somersetshire, the monuments are of considerable historic interest. The church of this ancient hamlet contains the memorials of various members of the Rodney family, one, the earliest, of singular beauty and refinement — a youthful knight recumbent beneath a canopy cut out in the party wall between the chancel and the chantry chapel; there is no name attached. The boy warrior lies with his hands devoutly clasped on his breast waiting for his call. A more beautiful and reticent work it would be hard to find. Hard by is another recumbent figure of the time of Elizabeth, exquisitely carved in marble, but beneath is the lady's name, and a long catalogue of her virtues. There is a whole series of monuments in this little chantry of later and later date, each with a longer and more fulsome family advertisement, till you reach the culminating point in the tomb of another young Rodney, who departed this life during the Protectorate, representing the young gentleman, neatly attired in his winding sheet, pushing up the slab of marble with which he has been covered. He sits bolt upright, gazing starward with a rapt expression of sanctimonious and smug self-satisfaction which it would be impossible to surpass.

In this little chapel of the Rodney family, one favourite type of monument is, however, wanting, that in which the deceased is represented recumbent on the upper slab, while underneath you see him as a half decomposed corpse wrapped in a shroud.

In architecture, much of the most beautiful work of the perpendicular period is to be found in the enrichment of chantry chapels, but it is time to turn from art to literature.

Any systematic study of the influence of the Black Death on the literature of England would naturally involve an examination of the religious writings of the fifteenth century. But this would lead us to a dreary region, into which it is not necessary for our present purpose to enter. The whole period is comparatively sterile; with the exception of Chaucer, there is no writer of great eminence. It requires but an elementary acquaintance with the *Canterbury Tales* to realize how deeply the passion for death-bed settlements had seized the minds of the people. The avarice of the friars to secure bequests from sick men is a staple matter of satire. During the troubled times of the Wars of the Roses, the voice of poetry, and, indeed, all literary expression, was silenced. Men had other things to attend to than the writing or reading of books, but their thoughts about life and its transitory character remained much the same. The world had passed through a definitive stage. No longer could folks live as they had done in earlier days, in happy, child-like, unconsciousness of the king of terrors. From the great mortality of 1348, they think, one and all, that the one excellent way of piety is to make a good end, to fix up spiritual interests, and to effect such settlements of property as shall ensure a speedy passage out of purgatorial fires. Even that colossal movement

which we call Renaissance, with its moral counterpart, the Protestant Reformation leaves this view of life unchanged. The simple trustful notion that a good life was the main thing, has given way, alike amongst Papists and Puritans, for good or ill, to the passion for "making the soul." Whether you make it by holy unction masses for the dead, gifts to the friars, or by a confession of the reformed faith and a death-bed testimony to admiring friends, the thought remains fundamentally identical.

With the dawn of the sixteenth century, the facilities of printing called into being a multitude of writers, poets, philosophers, historians, and moralists. It is a time we look back to as a sort of jocund spring, a new and youthful era full of the promise of life. But the thoughtful reader will find, in the literature of this period, ever recurrent, the misty shadow of death. The earliest poet to give expression, distinct and clear, to the sentiment which was to assume such prominence in the literature of the two centuries that followed, the sense of the fleetingness and dream-like character of things, what we call the pathetic fallacy, the sense that all the pageant of life is unsubstantial, spectacular, leading to death, the great reality, and the world behind the veil—the first poet to give articulate expression to this, was the French singer, Villon, the first of the modern school of verse, a strangely inspired wastral of a strange and turbulent age. The passing snows of winter that pass and leave no trace behind bid him remember the fugitive glories of a passing world. It is the flux of Heraclitus "all things flow," "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." You find the same note in Raleigh, in Sydney, in all the dramatists; if anything, the idea seems to bulk more largely as the sixteenth century draws to a close. George Herbert has

embodied the same thought in a lyric of surpassing beauty, familiar to you all—

Sweet rose whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.

It would be easy to form an anthology of such passages from the poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age; but it will be more profitable to take a single writer, and show by a few selected examples how thoroughly the mind of his age was oppressed with the immanence of death. The writer I shall select is Donne, one time Dean of St. Pauls, whose effigy, wrapped in a shroud, was rescued from the ashes of the old church, and is still to be seen on the chancel wall of the present edifice.

Donne was a needy courtier in his younger days, and as gay a dog as any at Westminster. Exception has been taken to one or two of his poems as overcharged with sensuous imagery. Not a man, this, you would think, to have troubled much about the hereafter. Yet notice how he writes to one of the cheerful ladies of the Court:—

When last I died, and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago—
And lovers' hours be full eternity—
I can remember, yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor and legacy.

A rather lugubrious opening, surely, for a dainty *vers de Societe*. Take him again in pleasant mood, writing a rhymed epistle to his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, on his

going Ambassador to Venice, and see how quaintly his imagery of death obtrudes:—He is talking of the many letters his friends will send him to cheer his voyage, and then he adds,

After those loyng papers where men send,
 With glad grief to your seaward steps, farewell,
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
 To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell.

Or take his letter to the Countess of Bedford, another court beauty (begun in France, but never perfected).

Though I be dead and buried, yet I have—
 Living in you—court enough in my grave.
 As oft as there I think myself to be,
 So many resurrections waken me.

In his later poems, written after he had taken orders, the note is raised, as in the tenth Sonnet.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor death, nor, yet, can'st thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones and souls delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die.

But in another place he withdraws his flaunt of Death:—

Death, I recant, and say, unsaid by me,
 Whate'er hath slipped that might diminish thee.
 Spiritual treason, atheism, 'tis to say,
 That any can thy summons disobey,

Th' earth's face is but thy table ; there, are set
Plants, cattle, men, dishes for death to eat.

.

Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou diest,
All the four monarchies and anti-christ.

You may ascribe this passion for death to personal eccentricity, but Donne's contemporaries regarded him as the first of all living poets, and not one whit behind the greatest that ever lived, and it was precisely these curious lapses into funereal imagery that charmed them. They knew he was lax, but his sentiments about death were so edifying they would condone for anything.

It was the fashion in Donne's days for all the poets to write religious verse. The most worldly had their serious moments, or affected them, for religious expressions, sentiments and emotions were in the air ; and all through the religious verse, of which there is a copious store, ran this same dark woof of death. So soon as men turned their eyes from their mistresses they saw gravestones. It was the same with their prose. Here is a sample from "Death's Duel," the last sermon of Donne's.

Absent from the Lord ! he might have said dead, for this whole world is but an universal churchyard, but our common grave, and the life and motion that the greatest persons have in it is but as the shaking of buried bodies in their grave by an earthquake. That which we call life is but *hebdomada mortium*, a week of death, seven days, seven periods of our life spent in dying, a dying seven times over, and there is an end. Our birth dies in infancy, and our infancy dies in youth, and youth and the rest die in age, and age also dies and determines all.

"Do not talk like a death's head. Bid me not remember mine end," says Falstaff. These men of James the First's time all talk like death's heads. It was a very morbid way, very unreal, but a way of moralising authors thought elegant and improving.

Among definitely religious writers death is the dominating topic. Funeral sermons were the order of the day. Only that divine was worth listening to who could expound the Lamentations of Jeremiah. How long this mood would have lasted it is impossible to say. If this history of thought be correct, it had had a longish course. We have traced it back to the great mortality of 1348, and now we come to 1648 and the troubles of that memorable time. After talking about death, and improving upon it in verse and prose, men found themselves face to face with it, and many a trampled battlefield showed that when it came to the point, they could face death as calmly as their forefathers did at Agincourt. Whether Cromwell's powder blew the air clear, or whether the reaction of frivolity that succeeded the great plague of 1665 diverted the current of thought, it is not easy to determine; but from the Restoration we hear no more of it. The shroud is cast aside, the dead are left to bury their dead, and society emerges on the healthy plateau of ordinary life. The prose and poetry of Milton, written during the Commonwealth and the Restoration, are wholly free from the morbid infection. But with Dryden, the student of literature feels himself on sure ground. He has definitely left the cypress grove, and come out on the breezy hill side.

The limits of this paper have rendered it impossible to trace in detail the rise and growth of this most singular cult of death. Its literary landmarks, however, are fairly clear. It commenced in or about the reign of Edward III, and it expired with Charles I. But parallel with this record, more or less broken, we are able to trace the general trend of religious thought; the passion for settling the affairs of the soul on its exit from the body; shown first in the emphasis placed on masses for the dead, trentals, the foundation and endowment of chantries, and such like,

followed by the Protestant revolt, a revolt not from the disposition to subordinate the life of man to his death, for this was common to the reformed and unreformed faith, but to the way of doing it. Under the Puritan *regime*, death-bed testimonies were deemed of essential importance. Even the prayer book of the Church of England contains traces, by no means obscure, of the same idea. The prayer in the burial service "Suffer us for no pains of death to fall from thee," expresses it in touching language. To moralise on the brevity of life is, of course, common to writers of many ages. Dr. Young's *Complaints, or Night Thoughts*, is full of such cheap sentiment. But it is one thing to drop into moralising as Boffin's reader dropped into poetry, and another thing to make it the staple commodity. The early Methodists were fond of meditating upon death, and would call upon friends to condole with them if they had been so unfortunate as to recover from serious sickness; and their poet, Charles Wesley, without a thought of incongruity, could write this curious verse:—

Oh, lovely appearance of death,
The form that the glorified wear;
Not all the gay sights upon earth
Can with a dead body compare.

But that was an ebullition of enthusiastic faith. For Donne and his contemporaries, Death, fiddling on his cross bones, led the grim procession. Life was but a dance of death. "In the grave" he wrote, "the worms do not kill us; we breed and feed, and then kill those worms which we ourselves produced." But Donne was far too gentle a soul to indulge in the favourite occupation of his contemporaries, that of condemning to everlasting flames those who differed from him in a matter of church government. For the Puritan, with all his stern virtues, was a terrible martinet. If you did not march his way, he could tell you

plainly where you were marching. Secure himself, he felt a grim sort of sub-acid pleasure in contemplating the perils of others. Andrew Marvel, in that passage where he tells you of the Puritan dame

Who could afford to doubt who wrote best sense,
Moses or Dodd on the Commandments.

tells us she scratched out sudden death from her litany, because sudden death to her meant sudden glory. She possessed the same robust faith in her creed which, at an earlier date, led thousands to commit their soul's keeping in the hour of death to a church that held the keys of the world to come. For 300 years, a cycle of human thought, it is curious how thoughts run in cycles of about 300 years, for 300 years did the great death of 1348, like a upas tree, shadow the lives of men. When we look back upon it, and all it meant to the human race, the petition of our litany from which the Puritan dame deleted "sudden death" assumes a new significance.

"From plague, pestilence and famine, good Lord deliver us."

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